

COLLIER'S

For June 20, 1903

Containing Bulgarian Correspondence by Frederick Palmer and a Short Story by George Madden Martin



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Schlitz



A Doctor's Reasons

Patient: "Why do you say Schlitz beer? Isn't any other beer as good?"

Doctor: "Perhaps; but I don't know it. I do know that Schlitz beer is pure."

Patient: "What do you mean by pure?"

Doctor: "I mean free from germs. Impurity means bacilli; and in a saccharine product like beer bacilli multiply rapidly. I do not recommend a beer that may contain them."

Patient: "How do you know that Schlitz beer is pure?"

Doctor: "I have seen it brewed. Cleanliness is carried to extremes in that brewery. The beer is cooled in plate glass rooms, in filtered air. The beer is then

filtered. Yet, after all these precautions, every bottle is sterilized—by Pasteur's process—after it is sealed. I know that beer treated in that way is pure."

Patient: "And is pure beer good for me?"

Doctor: "It is good for anybody. The hops form a tonic; the barley a food. The trifle of alcohol is an aid to digestion. And the custom of drinking beer supplies the body with fluid to wash out the waste. People who don't drink beer seldom drink enough fluid of any kind. A great deal of ill-health is caused by the lack of it."

Patient: "But doesn't beer cause biliousness?"

Doctor: "Not Schlitz Beer. Biliousness is caused by 'green' beer—beer that is insufficiently aged. But Schlitz beer is always aged for months before it is marketed."

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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

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A Bit of Good News

WE take particular pleasure in announcing for the summer months a series of drawings by Charles Dana Gibson which we believe will rival the famous "Education of Mr. Pipp" in humor and interest. Mr. Gibson's art is more than ever at home in the telling of a love-story, and he has certainly never selected a more sympathetic theme than that which furnishes the title of his new series. He calls it

"The Weaker Sex"

and it will depict the heart-troubles of a susceptible bachelor. His hero is no sentimentalist; in fact he is only an average athletic, good-looking, serious young man who has the fortune or misfortune to be "susceptible" and with whose impressionable heart Fate insists upon playing pranks. The exact manner of his adventures, the precise degree of his susceptibility, even the large question as to the meaning of the title itself, "The Weaker Sex," we must let Mr. Gibson tell in the drawings themselves. The first picture, introducing the bachelor-hero, will appear in the Household Number, next week.

More About the Household Number

ANOTHER feature of the Household Number will be an article by Miss Julia Magruder, entitled "One Must Learn." Miss Magruder is a native of the South and in this paper she controverts some of the statements made by Miss Marie Van Vorst in her article, "One Must Live," published in the April Household Number. The fiction will be varied and delightful, the leading stories being "The Little Lover" by Agnes and Egerton Castle, the fifth in the series of "Incomparable Bellairs"; and "How Wiley Wolf Rode in the Bag," the second of the new Uncle Remus Stories by Joel Chandler Harris. In the "Social Problems in the Home," Miss Lavinia Hart will take up another of the knotty questions that arise to be solved in every household; the other departments will also be found in their accustomed places. There will also be a most interesting illustrated article on "Harvesting Six Million Bushels of Wheat," and many short humorous stories, cleverly illustrated. In next week's issue, Mr. Stanley Weyman's thrilling historical novel, "The Long Night," comes to an end. It will be followed by a six-part serial by Mr. Frederick Palmer, "The Vagabond," a love-story of the Civil War. The first installment will be published in COLLIER'S for July 3;—the illustrations are by Harrison Fisher.

The Lion's Mouth

INSTEAD of ten questions, as heretofore, only one question is asked in *The Lion's Mouth* competition this month. It is: "What is your opinion of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and if, in your opinion, it needs change or improvement, in what way should change or improvement be made?" Answers must be on one sheet of paper only. Prizes aggregating in value \$329.00 will be awarded to the twenty best answers. All answers for the June contest must be mailed on or before June 30. The announcement of the winners in the June contest will be made in the Household Number for August, dated July 25th.



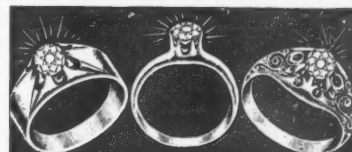
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THE SLAUGHTER OF THE JEWS has its reverberation throughout the world. The Russian press, indeed, has now become so much interested in American comment that it has proposed a remedy for our hostility. Some of the foremost journals advise the Government to publish a book telling us how well Russia and the United States have got on, diplomatically, ever since our existence began. The American press would review this book, the argument goes, and public opinion would be softened. Many Russian papers—the one which began this movement being among them—are full of information and culture, but their naïveté upon this particular point is infantile. What have Russia's diplomatic decisions, on the chessboard of world-politics, to do with this question, even if some of those decisions have been fortunate for us? Another childlike device is to speak only of the Jewish slaughter, in accounting for American opinion, and to omit all mention of the Finns. Now, the slaughter of the Jews has analogies in this country which

RUSSIAN
ECHOES

make us open to a powerful *tu quoque*. We have our race prejudices and our violent expressions of them. But the treatment of the Finns goes against convictions which are not mere virtuous indignation and gusty sympathy, but solid, lasting instincts, on which we act. Russia officially removes the most intelligent men she has, for mere independence of thought. Our own life is founded on independence of thought. No wonder Russia keeps quiet on that subject when she is trying to work up an *entente*, and throwing aspersions on our relations with England, which, as a matter of fact, rest on ideals and principles of thought held in common. One of the most interesting currents of opinion brought out by the Kishineff massacres is Jewish. Higher Jewish thought takes almost unanimously the position that Christianity has not yet approached very near to giving its doctrines practical efficiency in this world. It has done much, the Jewish thinkers admit, but the reign of its saints on earth hardly seems as yet assured.

ONE GRAND, SWEET SONG went out from the Republicans of Ohio. Axes became festoons, and former enemies exchanged bouquets. Mr. Hanna more than justified our belief that he was not quite dead. The Convention gave him a warmer recommendation than it gave to Senator Foraker or to President Roosevelt. Having received, temporarily at least, the worst of the fight, Mr. Hanna was given the warmest part of the verbal fireworks which were exploded as tokens of celestial harmony and as defiance to the enemy. The Convention said that Mr. Roosevelt had been "practicable" and had done as McKinley would have done. Mr. Foraker had deserved well of Ohio in his labors. But Mr. Hanna! The Convention really grew black in the face in praise of Mr. Hanna. It said the demand for him was national. And that worthy politician responded in the same key. He said that the Lord planted wood and coal in this country, but that natural advantages would have counted for little if the Republican party had not come along and protected them. "For God's sake," he cried, alluding to the tariff, and rising into G, "let it alone and keep letting it alone." Our own convictions on the tariff are not precisely the same as those of any party, but we receive a

HARMONY

quiet and nourishing amusement when Mr. Hanna exhibits a hysterical fear lest somebody fail to let something alone. We should like to soothe him and feed him with philosophy awhile, except that we are quite aware that his fright was for campaign purposes, like the harmony which accompanied it. There are plenty of people to be frightened to death in the other direction, because the tariff remains as it is. What both sides seek for the great fight of next year is harmony. It is the old story of the lion and the lamb. They must lie down together, and the real issue is which elements shall accept the rôle of the lamb and lie inside. The Republicans seem nearer to an arrangement that will stand than the Democrats are. The Bryan and the Cleveland Democrats have thus far shown no willingness to mix. What many Democrats seek is an animal who can swallow, and thus harmonize, both of them; but he is not in sight. For the Republicans, Mr. Roosevelt has thus far met no enemy whom his good big stick has failed to harmonize.

ONE PART OF OUR COUNTRY drowns while another burns. Is it not strange that we do so little to prevent calamities which sweep away our properties and our lives? Until the need becomes extreme, it is difficult to procure laws for the general good when they conflict with the desires of many individuals. Much the same steps would reduce floods that would reduce droughts, and consequently fires. Forests are admittedly storers and distributors of dampness, yet we, whose country is so much the prey of fire and flood, have forestry laws far inferior to the forestry laws of many foreign countries. At the rate at which destruction now exceeds replacing, the whole supply of forests, it is calculated, will disappear in another generation. Whether this estimate is exaggerated or not, the fact

that we destroy much and replace little is undoubted. There is pressing need for a more vigorous and liberal policy. This is the most permanent and important point to reiterate, in connection with our present misfortunes, although there are other improvements which ought to be well within our ingenuity and our enterprise. Reservoirs could apparently be arranged to receive the surplus waters in time of flood, with the additional advantage of releasing them in time of need. Much more stringent regulations along railway lines might diminish forest fires. The private individual whose abandoned cigar or bonfire starts a conflagration is beyond the reach of practical control. He will exist, and continue to make the world pay heavily for his existence, as long as the criminal and the tramp—one of which, indeed, he often is. We can not expect individuals, lumber companies or railroads to give up their search for rapid wealth, or even their cherished indolence, out of pure benevolence. They will destroy forests for money, and sprinkle sparks from laziness, as long as such practices are permitted. The duty of those of us who are interested in the national welfare is to agitate until State and National legislation puts more checks upon the general recklessness. We can never be safe from wanton nature's freaks, but, when we put our minds and wills to it, we can decrease her outbreaks and make her work more smoothly in man's service.

FLOOD
AND FIRE

WE SPEND LIFE AND MONEY FAST. Even funerals, in our big cities, trot. We see, as a recent visitor remarks, none of those long, slow, sad processions, where the living take pleurisy, bronchitis and pneumonia in honor of the dead. All is done with speed and precision. "Excellent. The dead do not incumber the living. They have had their turn. The place is ours. It is with this lack of circumstance that the American world is preparing to conduct the obsequies of old Europe." If we do bury Europe, in trade and worldly power, the cause will be partly our natural resources, but partly also the gait at which we live. We do not stop for funerals to wend their solemn way along; some would say we do not stop for sentiments to ripen or thoughts to deepen; at least we do not stop for small economies, or for any kind of habit that checks the pace. Industrial Europe is inclined to say, with Corporal Nym, "the humor of it is too hot." It seems rather hard, at times, that necessities and comforts should cost several times here what they do abroad, but our profuseness in expense is part of the productive energy of the country. Old-school economists distinguish painstakingly between productive and unproductive expenditure, but the old-school economists were narrow in psychology. If being willing to throw silver dollars into the water, for the pleasure of watching them sink, to take an extreme case, makes a man's disposition more confident, more careless of the extraneous, more energetic and original when he thinks about the principles of his business, even those dollars are productive. Confidence—the speed and constancy with which credit and other capital are in use—does a lion's share toward increasing productive power; and the great confidence of America is hardly separable from her spirit of profusion. The typical modern business man knows the difference between personal and business economy. He knows that a thousand dollars, spent for a small whim, may never be missed, but that a fraction of a cent saved on each object that he manufactures may mean success and wealth. Economy in production allows extravagance in living, and the greatest economy in production is often reached by generous expenditure for wages, for material, for machinery, for salaries, for whatever will "make good." We may do later the things that take patience and long brooding. Our concern, just now, is to get rich, and we do that on the grand scale.

THE AMERI-
CAN PACE

EGGS HAVE ENTERED the labor problem. How many eggs is a domestic servant compelled to eat per day, in and out of Lent? In this form the question underlay a strike in a residence where the head cook, known as the chef, undertook to provide the other servants with a diet more ovicular than they liked. It was a protest, not against any decrepitude in the eggs, which seem to have been in their hot youth, but against their recurrence. All we need now is to have the servants in one house strike because those in another house eat too many eggs. Every strike teaches us something. A sufficient number of them might teach us how many eggs each domestic servant ought to consume per month, and, the number well established, we could then have a law of the union preventing any waitress, lady's maid, cook, butler, stable-boy, valet, second man, third man, fourth man, or gardener from eating more; and ovoplasmal diet need not be the only diet regulated. If two or more persons may lawfully conspire to limit their consumption of eggs, they may conspire against prunes or hash, and the whole boarding-house system may be upset. Per-

E G G S



haps the strike system will bring on the millennium. The history of mankind thus far has been in the struggle for existence. By use of the strike and the injunction it may be turned into the struggle for absolute happiness. Surely this is an interesting age. It would be almost a pity to live at any other time. Never before were all classes of mankind so audibly proclaiming their doctrines of human right. A new declaration of independence is reported every day. Formerly the rights of all but a few were neglected in all social schemes. Magna Charta, of which we hear so much, was only the declaration of a little liberty for a few barons. Now the cook is as free as a baron, the hotel clerk as independent in his manners as a viscount. What is sauce for the millionaire is sauce for the laborer. Once the difficulty was for the serving classes to procure eggs enough. It seems to us a most attractive century when household servants strike because the eggs are too profuse. The time seems almost here when the second table is to be in no respect inferior to the first.

THE BRAINS OF A NATION tend to concentrate in a metropolis.

A great city becomes the universal magnet, because it gives the largest prizes. It may be "the grave of suburban reputations," but those who escape submersion find in the metropolis the most highly colored among the gauds that men spend their lives for. America has no one centre, like London for England, Paris for France, Rome for Italy, Vienna for Austria, or Berlin for Germany. The location of the national government at Washington has the unusual result of putting the national political centre outside of the largest cities. Consequently, some of those people who can live anywhere, and who seek what is most interesting, hesitate, for their winter residence, between New York and Washington, or divide it between them. Such people also are beginning to consider pleasantness of climate and condition more than they did. San Francisco gains by such considerations, New York loses by her noise and confusion, Chicago by her dampness and dirt. Chicago, and other big cities, have also lost, thus far, in attractiveness as residences, by a failure to keep their most interesting men at home. The majority of the most successful men in politics, business, law or the arts find their way to

LIFE IN A METROPOLIS

New York or Washington. The richest men in New York were not born there. The most famous writers and painters are new arrivals. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Morgan are brought there by business success or opportunities; Mark Twain, Mr. Howells and Mr. Dooley move there by the law of gravitation; most of our leading artists have their city home there—but very few are natives. Politicians like Mr. Reed, Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Cleveland settle in the big town, or within easy reach of it, so that Manhattan contains a dozen figures of national reputation where she produces one. Western writers, like Mr. Garland and Mr. Ade, begin by explaining the advantages of remaining West, but they spend an increasing amount of time in the East. We foresee a limit to this tendency. New York is so narrow that it becomes each year more like a city of hotels, of high offices and flats. We imagine that a generation hence it will be the real home of relatively fewer successful men than it is now, for people will care more for settled dwellings, calm, and external beauty. Even now the impulse to live outside, along the Hudson, in New Jersey, on Long Island, and to use the city only for business, and for excitement concentrated into a short time, is noticeably increasing.

TOWN AND COUNTRY

LIFE IN THE REAL COUNTRY, away from any town, among the trees and green fields, is a privilege that we appreciate better than we did. This taste is beginning at the top. Our educated classes, who formerly were conspicuously indifferent to nature, fond of hotels and lonely when alone, are now becoming more and more, in this respect, like the aristocracy of England, fond of country life. In the artistic world, also, while men who have succeeded in small towns go to big ones, those who have succeeded in big ones go into the country. This is altogether a fortunate development. We have not been a poetic race, or an imaginative one, thus far, in our hundred years of trial, and nothing is more likely to give this ideal aspect to our thought than a partial turning away from the rough and mundane city strife to the larger and more beautiful suggestions of the country. The only growth of literature we have had thus far, concentrated enough to seem like more than individual accidents, had its home among the New England hills. The men who keep the literature of England above our own draw much of their inspiration from living near to nature. Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith are always in the country. Mr. Kipling lives in a little village by the sea. Mr. Barrie, though a good deal in London, is never very long away from his isolated home in Surrey. Among the great English poets, Browning is about the only one who has not belonged more intimately to the country

than to the city. Literature is only the expression of man's life, and if intimacy with nature makes the thoughts and feelings which create literature, it makes also the thoughts and feelings which add value to the private life. Those who want to fight their way upward in the worldly struggle will naturally drift away from their native hills and valleys, to seek their fortunes in the towns; but those who have passed the stage of getting on, the adventurous stage, either by their own efforts or by inheritance, can make that higher progress, which lies within them, in no other way so well as by opening their hearts and minds to nature. One has fewer ideas in the country, but those which he does have are larger and more beautiful. The highest intelligence, also, is made, not by the number of ideas, but by their beauty and distinction.

GUM HAS LOST PRESTIGE. Wax, as it was often called in the

elegant vernacular, is no longer furnished in the best houses. Does the small boy still strip the slippery elm and retain the bark for a long season's chewing? Are the features of American life passing from us? Ice-water is slightly relaxing its arbitrary sway, but the change is slow, and the tinkle of the ice-pitcher is still the poetic feature of the American hotel. Ice-cream soda seems to hold its own; and ice-cream soda and chewing-gum have been the sentimental meeting-ground of our youths and maidens. Can it be because we are growing old that we no longer see young boys and girls exchanging gum, or chewing in silent sympathy? It is a wide country, and, taken by and large, unnecessary mastication may possibly be as frequent as it ever was. In the more conspicuous ruts, however, old vices have given way to new. If fewer leading citizens dislocate their dental fillings by chewing-gum, more of them acquire indigestion and gout from elevated standards of diet and drink. Once champagne stood for rare cost and wickedness. It suggested France, chorus girls and gamblers. "A champagne supper" was a term too exciting for careless use. America has grown rich, and champagne flows like water in her towns. She has stopped eating "sinkers," pie and leather steak, and keeps her dyspepsia now by more expensive means. Five minutes for refreshments has given place to ample time to eat too much. The dentists and the doctors lose little by the change. Imperialism and trade have made us one of the family of nations. We once had our special devices for undermining health; now every year brings us nearer to the proper social methods. We drink tea at five now, and not, as our old maids used to do, with bread, at six. A good many of us eat and drink so much at night that for breakfast we only wish to nibble at an egg. The trade has increased immensely in coffee, tea and champagne. It will more than atone for any falling off in hot wet bread and chewing-gum.

CHAMPAGNE AND CHEWING-GUM

FLATTERY, ALWAYS IN DEMAND, receives a different distribu-

tion in different ages. Edward the Seventh receives less than Henry the Eighth. Victoria received less than Elizabeth. The dedications written by men of genius, in Shakespeare's time, to their rich patrons, would turn our stomachs to-day. On the other hand, the man who has written one popular novel receives a greater bulk of flattering attention than Shakespeare ever dreamed of. It is impossible for a young author to grow quietly into the maturity of his powers. He must, from his first successful book, take every step with the limelight on him. At a moderate fee to clipping bureaus, he can be supplied with limitless newspaper talk about himself. His publishers can easily find quotations to print about him, which would make old Sam Johnson die of apoplexy. His picture is published, just as if he were an actor or a woman in society. Of all the gains in flattery, however, the public has the largest. It used to be consistently sworn at two centuries ago. Now lecturers tell hearers what a wonderful people they are. President Roosevelt's speeches on his tour had warm tributes for everybody along the route. The head of a college, introducing a stranger to the students, observed: "I am sure in advance that he will express his admiration for this great country. The only fear is that he may not find terms strong enough to make clear the degree of his admiration for the men and things in a country where all is admirable." Benedick thought that a man, if he desired to be praised, must do the job himself. In his day, only the great were sure of getting flattery enough, and they were expected to pay for it, as the humble traveller abroad is now expected to give a penny to the beggar who informs him that he is the greatest thing that ever passed that way. Nowadays flattery has been brought within reach of the humblest purse. One has only to attend some free lecture by a foreigner or a politician, if he has not the ability to write a book, make a fortune or win an office. This is as it should be. Why should the rich and powerful control all the pleasant puffery? Praise is an encouragement, it is good for the heart, and it is fairer all round to put it on the free list.



MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

"Hanna, Herrick, Harding, and Harmony!"—The Ohio Republican State Convention on June 4 unanimously indorsed the nomination of President Roosevelt, nominated Myron T. Herrick of Cleveland for Governor of

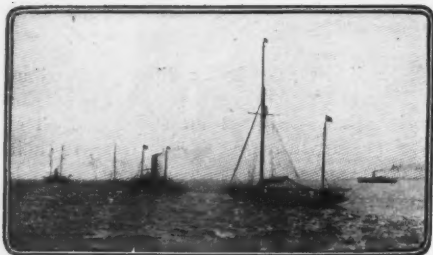


Myron T. Herrick

Ohio and adopted a battle-cry of four H's. The Republican nominee for Governor is about fifty. He worked up from a farm where he was born, near Wellington, Lorain County. He became interested in real estate, railroad and banking business, and is an authority on finance. He was slated by President McKinley, whose close friend he was, for Ambassador to Italy, but declined the office from the present Administration. He is the Ohio member of the Republican National Committee. Colonel Herrick was Senator Hanna's choice for Governor and was nominated by accord, all rival delegates having withdrawn. State Senator Warren G. Harding was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor.

Plan to Settle the Labor Strikes.—A most important labor movement was started in New York on June 5. It originated with the Employers' Association of the Building Trades, which for many weeks had been at war with building mechanics of every grade in New York and other principal cities. The men were asked to agree to the formation of a permanent joint Board of Arbitrators. This board is to be composed of two representatives each of the unions and employers. It is proposed that all questions shall be submitted to the board, the members of which shall have no direct interest in the question at issue. This scheme eliminates all intermediaries and does away with the "walking delegate." The arbitrators must be disinterested, and will not subsequently be discriminated against by employers. The plan provides for a general arbitration board and a court of appeals. Late estimates show that the building shutdowns cost over \$13,000,000 in wages in thirty-two days following the inception of the strike.

Preparing for the Cup Races.—While the Cup defenders *Reliance*, *Columbia* and *Constitution* were "trying out" off Sandy Hook during the second week



The Lipton Fleet Crossing the Atlantic

of this month, Sir Thomas Lipton's Cup challengers were on the high seas. The yachts sailed from Gourock, Scotland, on May 28 for America. The fleet consisted of *Shamrock I*, *Shamrock III*, the ocean-going tug *Cruiser*, and the steam yacht *Erin*. The vessels were given an enthusiastic send-off—saluted by men-of-war and escorted down the Firth of Clyde by a flotilla composed of steam and sailing craft of every description. A rousing welcome was prepared for the British yachtsmen in New York Harbor, after their long and arduous voyage over the sea. Never before has such universal interest been evinced in the "Interminable International" as this year.

The Destruction of Gainesville, Ga.—The tornado which swooped down on Gainesville, on June 1, killed or injured over 150 men, women and children. The houses of 800 persons were reduced to kindling-wood. At the Pacolet and Gainesville Cotton-Mills on the Southern Railway, the greatest loss of life and property occurred, some 60 persons, many of them children, being crushed in the wrecked mills and outbuildings. The vortex of the tornado came so suddenly that there was no time to prepare for it. In a minute, a howling monster of rain and storm cut a hideous swath of wreckage, left death and desolation in its wake, and passed on. People met their deaths without warning—at their work, in their beds, in stores, walking in the streets, wherever they happened to be. The work of rescue and search for bodies continued for days. Relief in the shape of tents and rations was sent by the

Government, from Atlanta, for 1,000 persons. Later, in that one little stricken city, 100 victims were buried in twenty-four hours.

Terrible Disasters in the "Cotton Belt."—Floods, tornadoes, forest fires and cloudbursts—East, West, North and South—marked the incoming of a memorable June—a black month for history. Three months' drought offered up New York and New England an easy sacrifice to the flames. Floods in the West cost millions in money and scores of lives. In the South, cotton-mills were fairly wiped out by a tornado and a deluge. In the early morning of June 6, a gigantic cloudburst literally swamped the prosperous South Carolina "Cotton-Mill Belt," sweeping away many manufacturing plants near Spartanburg and killing over one hundred persons. In Pacolet and Clifton, the flood swept away dams and bridges, and reached to the roofs of houses. Protruding chimneys marked the sites of the villages. Mills and warehouses, elaborate and costly machinery, and thousands of bales of cotton were swept away by the rising waters of the Pacolet River. The victims at both places were principally operatives in the cotton-mills.

The Passing of a World Character.—Henry Romeike, who originated the press-clipping business and whose name, through that unique calling, became more familiar throughout the civilized world than that of a nation's ruler, died at New York on June 3. He was Russian by birth, but drifted in early life to Berlin and Paris. Ultimately in London he exploited the idea of supplying information through press clippings. In New York he forced the business to gigantic proportions, catering not only to individuals but to governments, kings, queens, princes and presidents. He supplied a new word to the encyclopedists and figured in fiction writings. Through the wide advertisement given his odd calling, he became a public character in America.



Henry Romeike

Burning Up the East.—Beginning with the 1st of June, the press of the East became a record of elemental disaster. Forest fires devastated woodlands of Canada, New York, New Jersey, nearly all of New England, and the marshes of Long Island. The burning territories in the Adirondacks, Long Island, New Jersey, Quebec and New England covered an area of thousands of miles. A dismal pall of smoke for days blanketed 200,000 miles of territory, choked cities, and halted steamships 600 miles out at sea. These extraordinary conditions were induced by drought which for fifty-two days played havoc with agriculture and made a Sahara desert of the Eastern States. In the Adirondacks, men, women and children had to fight for their lives and property for weeks. On the Lakes, navigation was suspended and boats were lost in the dense smoke. Many of the famous camps were surrounded by fires. The drought brought about a water famine in New York, and the rain which began to fall on Sunday, June 7, was worth diamonds for drops. The crack liner *Deutschland*, of the Hamburg-American line, laden with a treasure of \$5,000,000 in gold and securities for Europe, was stuck in a mud bank for a whole day in New York Harbor, having gone aground in the haze on her outward voyage.

The Permanent Cuban Treaty.—The most important State document awaiting the President's return to Washington was the Cuban Permanent Treaty, recently referred to in these columns. The treaty was accepted by the Cuban Government without change. It embodies the famous Platt Amendment and puts



A Historical Episode—Signing the Cuban Treaty

into definite form the agreements between the two countries. It was signed in the office of the Secretary of State at Havana, May 22, by Secretary Zaldivar for Cuba and by Minister Squiers for the United States.

Progress of the Postal Scandal.—Evidence given before the Federal Grand Jury at Washington indicates that the investigation fever which has disrupted the Post-Office Department may spread to other branches of the Federal Government. On June 5, the Grand Jury returned a true bill against August W. Machen, late Superintendent of the Free Delivery Department, on evidence collected by Inspector Mayer, Vidocq of the Post-Office Department, charging him with receiving \$18,987.79 from the Groff firm, inventors of letter-box fasteners. He was released, pending trial, on a bond of \$20,000. The penalty for the crime is imprisonment for not more than three years and a fine. Seven arrests have been made in connection with this case. The prosecution is in the hands of Federal Attorney Hugh M. Taggart, who, by bringing Superintendent Machen promptly before the Grand Jury, dissipated the accusation of the press that he was inclined to temporize with the case. George E. Lorenz, formerly postmaster at Toledo, is now drawn into the case, Mr. Machen asserting that the so-called Groff commissions were in reality payments made through ex-Postmaster Lorenz for business enterprises connected with mining properties in Mexico.



Hugh M. Taggart

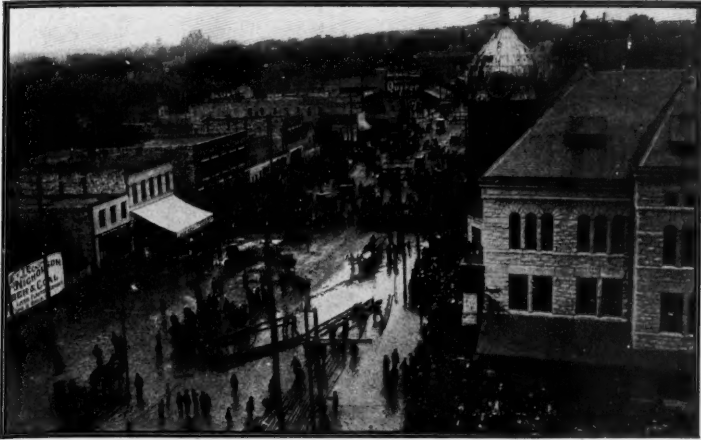
Work of the Deluge in the West.—While the East was being swept by flames, the great floods in the West continued their work of destruction. As late as June 9, along the levee districts of St. Louis, the Mississippi rose nearly forty feet above the low-water mark and the Madison, Venice and Granite City levees broke. Many lives were lost at Madison. The country and villages to the east of the river were devastated, and women and children sought refuge on box-cars, while the men patched breaks in the levees. A disaster unequalled since the tornado of 1896 menaced East St. Louis and its 32,000 inhabitants. Skiffs were worth their weight in gold on the river, thousands fleeing from the doomed bottoms. The final reports of Topeka's dead place the number of victims at eighty. As



The Kansas City Union Depot Under Water

a result of the inundation, according to the Kansas City engineers, the whole terminal railroad system and all the bridges throughout the bottoms will have to be rebuilt.

More Trouble in the Coal Fields.—A wave of apprehension swept over the country when, early in the present month, it was announced that the representatives of the coal and railroad operators of Pennsylvania had refused to accept, as members of the Board of Conciliation, the committee of three District Presidents of the Anthracite Miners' Union, Messrs. T. D. Nichols, John Fahey and William Dettry. The committee was appointed to act with the operators' commissioners. The refusal was based on the ground that the men were not selected or "appointed" by the majority of the miners as provided in the findings of the Strike Commission, and that properly the miners' representatives should be chosen at large by a convention of the mine workers. The coal operators declined to take any chances on questions arising concerning the authority or actions of the joint board. The operators briefly, in effect, again refused to even remotely recognize the United Mine Workers of America as a body. A convention of the United Mine Workers was called for June 15 at Pottsville, on the promise of the operators that if Messrs. Nichols, Fahey and Dettry were chosen by a delegate convention representing a majority of the anthracite operatives, the committee would then be accepted as satisfactory.



Building a Pontoon Bridge in front of the Rock Island Railroad Station



Delivering Provisions in the Residence District



Rescuing Flood Victims by Means of a Cable Trolley



View of the Melan Bridge from South Kansas Avenue

THE FLOODS AT TOPEKA, KANSAS, MAY 30, 1903

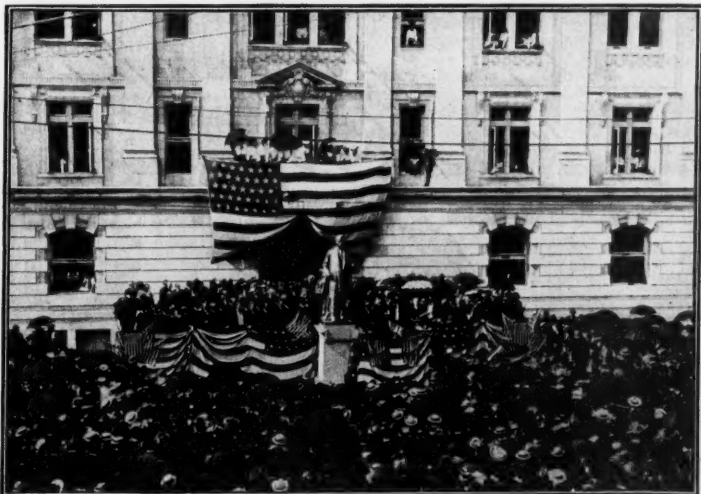


Wreck of the Gainesville Cotton-Mill, where Five Hundred People were at Work; Eighteen were Killed and Many were Injured



Two Hundred Cottages were Swept from this Hill; Thirty-three People were Killed and Two Hundred were Injured—Many having died since

THE TORNADO AT GAINESVILLE, GEORGIA, JUNE 1, 1903



The Unveiling of the Statue of the Late Garret A. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States, in Front of the City Hall at Paterson, New Jersey, June 3, 1903



Scene at England's Greatest Race, the Derby, at Epsom, May 27, 1903, just after Rocksand had Won the Event

THE FOCUS OF THE TIME

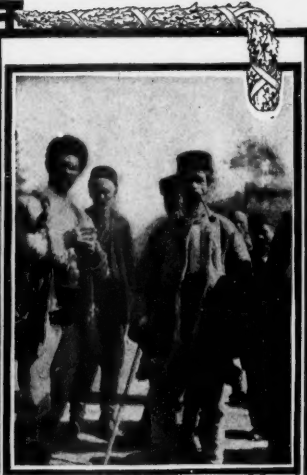
A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF CURRENT EVENTS



A Bulgarian Peasant



Bulgarian Artillery at the Recent Manoeuvres in the Balkan Mountains



Bulgarians of Sofia

Bulgaria, the Volcano of the Balkans

By Frederick Palmer

Special Correspondent for Collier's Weekly



AVING WELL IN VIEW the truism that personal and geographical elements are at the bottom of all wars, and of the national boundaries that result, the traveller who crosses Europe into Turkey by train gets his first light on the Macedonian question when he sees the Balkans and the shepherds who tend the flocks on their slopes. The man has changed as little as the mountains since Biblical times. It is he—with his brimless wool cap, which he wears winter and summer because his ancestors did and which gives the sun free play upon deep-wrinkled skin, bronzed by the glare—it is he, leaning on his crook in historic pose as the train passes, who stands for the buffer States, and for all the bloodletting and all the jealousies of great nations playing upon one another in the so-called "balance of power" which keeps the ablest minds of Europe awake of nights.

Such is his poverty that the total wealth of the shepherds of Bulgaria would scarcely make a first-class American fortune. To look at his leathery face, as he drives his flock through the main streets of the capital city itself—between trolley-cars that seem as much out of place as if they were transported back to the Middle Ages—you would think him a tanned automaton without sentimental attachments. Though he is free now, his brother across the border is not, and he himself still has the grim nonchalance of the subject race which must keep the fires of its heart well hidden. His clothes are homespun and his footgear made of the pelts from which the wool was taken, and all he asks of the plainsman is the wheat (cultivated in the same archaic manner that it was in Homer's time) for his bread. Above him, where his flock may not graze—where, while in town every one seeks the shade, the snow still lingers in June—are rocky fastnesses which, at the same time that they offer him hiding-places in distress, form the covers whence the brigands descend upon his fold, in quite the same manner in these days of wireless telegraphy as in those of the papyrus and the foot-messenger.



A Bulgarian Shepherd

Sheep and Religion

Suspended between the man who politely outwits him at a bargain and the man who directly robs him—between the fox and the wolf—he is yet the master of European policy; a fact which the townsman fully realizes, and utilizes if he does not. Yes, despite his ignorance and his dishevelled, uninviting front, he is master; and master for the very simple and magnificent reason that he believes. His sheep, which give him bodily, and his religion, which gives him spiritual, existence, are his two passions. No dweller in the safeguarded home of a republic or a limited monarchy can realize his position without personal application. As he takes that historic pose on his crook and watches the train go by, his attitude has nothing of the smirk of policy; it is purely that of moral isolation among infidels, appealing to his fellow Christians. His religion is to him what it was to the Crusaders, a thing of another, a simpler and a more terrible age—his method of warfare in keeping. In any of the generations that have passed in persecution over his head, if he had merely tempered the wind of adversity by putting on a fez and kneeling once a day in a mosque, the balance of power would have kept the Danube as the boundary of Christian rule, and there would have been no Balkan States. To move that balance of power a few leagues, still keeping it intact, partakes of the same strenuous effort as carrying the ball for

five yards on the gridiron against a strong line, with each player caring nothing for the team but for himself alone. The same causes that have changed the boundary lines hitherto, always at work, are at this moment powerful enough to hold the first place among the telegraphic despatches in the Continental press. In short, the famous Balkan volcano is in eruption, and instead of holding the fact up as an attraction, as the tourist-agency promoters of Vesuvius do, the Turks are particularly careful that sightseers shall stay away.

One may take the casual traveller's view and not mind what happens so long as your own feet are not burned by the lava; or, with the haunting pose of that lonely shepherd in view, the old question may kindle for him with tragic and picturesque human interest. For the Christian side, this centres in the capital of the last State to be set up out of Turkish territory, whose frontier is the most sharply defined between any two peoples in the world. With the prodigality of cheap land values, Sofia is spread out under a scorching sun on a dead-level, dusty plain abruptly walled by mountains. At midday, the siesta hour, when the rustle of leaves in the trees is the only sound, however cool the snow on the Balkans may look, your sense of feeling convinces you that it was painted out of revenge by the Turks.

Between the Devil and the Deep Sea

A superficial impression is that you are in a Russian town. The faces that you see in the cafés are Slavonic, the uniform of the army is the same as the Russian, and the soldiers march with the same dogged, slouching, ponderous step, so significant of their character. The sons of the well-to-do are educated in Russia, often at the Czar's expense. Yet for the people the deep sea is the Turk, the devil is the Russian. They had rather belong to Russia than Turkey, and they don't want to belong to either. When I asked an outsider, long resident in Sofia, what foreign people the Bulgarians liked most, he said, "The Bulgarians."

"But foreigners?" I protested. "The Bulgarians," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders that made me understand. "Probably they like the Servians least," he added. This led to the solution of another puzzle.

When Greece attacked Turkey, neither Servia nor Bulgaria would lift so much as a diplomatic hand to help her. To-day, when it is the Bulgarian-Christian-Macedonians, not the Greek-Christian-Macedonians, that have risen, Greece is arresting all Bulgarians who seem at all suspicious, and sending them out of the country. Together, the three countries have a population of ten millions, and if all should assault the common enemy at once, they would have a chance of success, which none has single-handed. Each has subjects in Turkish territory crying for redress. But Athens is as French as Sofia is Russian; the Roumanians are of Latin descent, while the Servians have always felt the influences of taste and custom which radiate from Buda-Pesth and Vienna. Their languages and their people are as different as those of Bavaria and Normandy, of Seattle and Mazatlan.

Yet, at war with Asiatic government and religion as they are, they speak of themselves as Orientals. If you show them a map of the continents, they only shrug their shoulders and continue to refer to Austrians as Europeans, just as we refer to Chinese as Asiatics. These jealousies and prejudices all go back to the man in the wool cap, whose horizon is limited by the grazing-ground of his flock. He has never had the advantage of cheap excursion rates, to show him that his neighbors were not as bad as they were painted. The

stubbornness that kept him Christian, kept alive his tribal instincts, which the Turk has fanned with the natural policy of the rulers of an empire of varying parts. It is he who pays the piper now as he always has paid. There is scarcely a factory chimney in Sofia. The only exports are pelts, wool and grains, while for every sheep owned a franc a year is exacted.

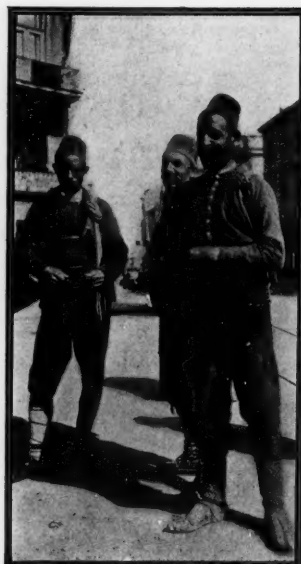
When the money is forthcoming, the knights of the mountain fastnesses are always ready to turn insurgents, and the men in the towns are always ready to form committees of promotion. The moving spirits are Macedonians who reside in Bulgaria. Whatever they may do in Turkey, they are as safe once they are across the Bulgarian frontier as the bank-robbler was in Canada in the days before the extradition treaty. Like the predatory barons of old, they make a dash on the enemy and then return to the protection of their castle walls, where they may be as comfortable as the cat on the limb of a tree looking down on the dog below.

Filibustering as a Fine Art

So the complaint of Turkey against Bulgaria is much the same as was that of Spain against the United States during the Cuban insurrection, with the difference that while the Cuban needed a ship, all that the Bulgarian filibuster needs is his feet and a quiet defile in the Balkans. The vexation of the Sultan must be even greater than was that of the ruler of Spain, because theoretically Bulgaria is a Turkish principality which annually pays to its nominal head \$250,000 a year, as the price of its practical independence. The fact that, while bands were being launched from Bulgaria into Macedonia, Prince Ferdinand was enjoying himself on the Riviera, should not have been more fuel to the Imperial flame, because the Prince is rarely at Sofia. Above all, he should not have been at home when his subjects were acting so impolitely. Three hundred or more days of the year, guard is mounted over a palace empty of its master. He has a villa at Varna on the Black Sea, where he lives ordinarily, on an income which is four times that of the President of the United States; and, withal, the cafés tell you he is most creditable in the part set for him, and, moreover, that it was delicately thoughtful of the Christian vassal of the Mussulman Empire to leave instead of coming to town in a crisis. The Bulgarian Government did disperse the Macedonian Committees more or less, and it gave orders to stop the passage of insurgents across the frontier. To ensure obedience it called out two divisions of reserves, twenty-eight thousand men in all, which incidentally would be of service if the Turks, massing men to punish rebels, should, when they had a large army mobilized, suddenly declare war. But Bulgaria might as well have commanded its officers to look the sun in

the face all day long. Even search-lights can wink, and so poor a nation can not afford such luxuries. Who knows that the bronzed shepherd slipping into town has come for any other purpose than to contract for the sale of his wool, or that the shepherd crossing the frontier is not in search of a stray lamb? Are not lambs always lost at night and in obscure trails where there is no grazing?

When the Orient shrugs its shoulders and shucks the beads with which fingers pass the time, any hypothesis you wish will spring full-fledged from the coffee-cups to the suave tune of the hubble-bubble. Besides, the insurgent does not necessarily carry his rifle. This most powerful factor in international politics, latest magazine pattern, which he can buy from English or German firms for four dollars apiece by the gross, he usually bought months before the headlines began to appear in the Continental papers, and has buried or hidden on the Macedonian side. If not, a guard sees it with difficulty in the dark. The bands do not cross in force, but singly, and meet at a rendezvous on the other side of the



Mohammedan Turks

(Continued on page 18)



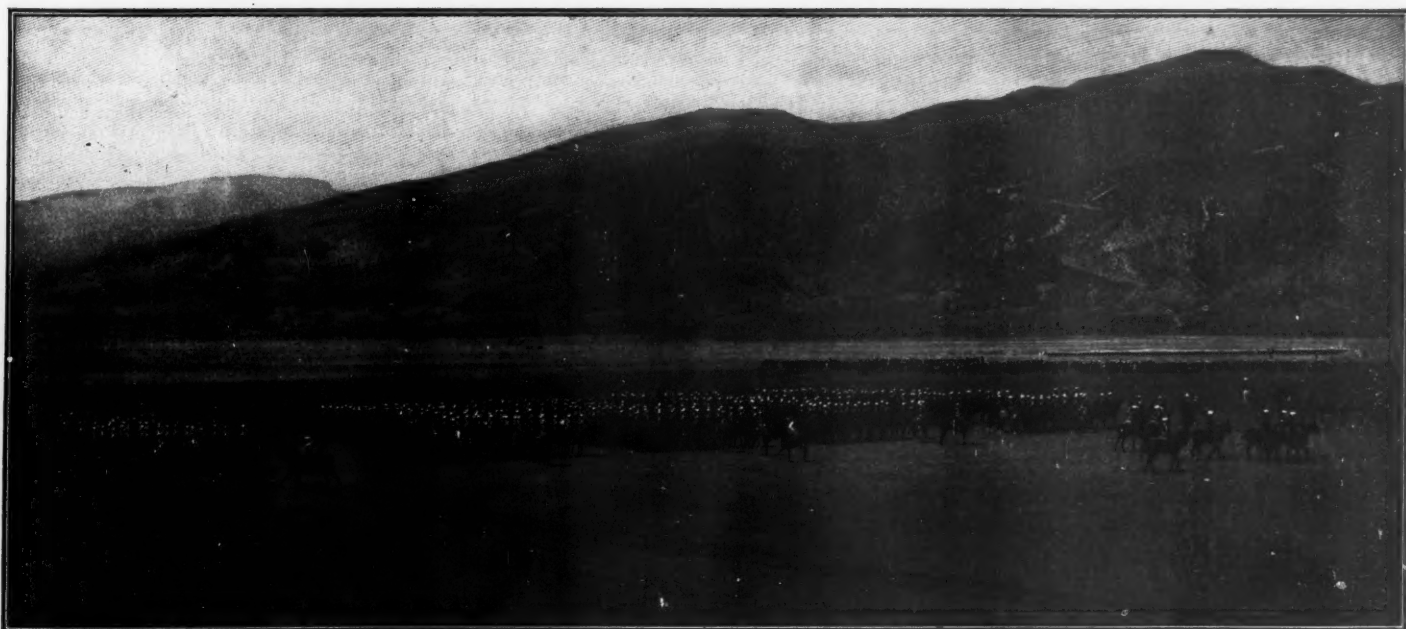
AN INFANTRY ADVANCE—This Photograph shows the Country where the Fighting would take place in the Event of War between Turkey and Bulgaria



INFANTRY RESTING WHILE ON THE MARCH

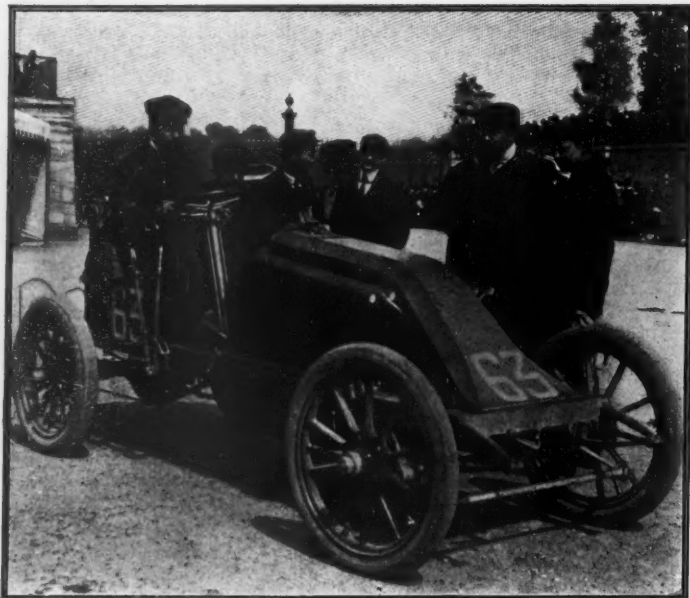


SKIRMISH DRILL IN THE MOUNTAINS

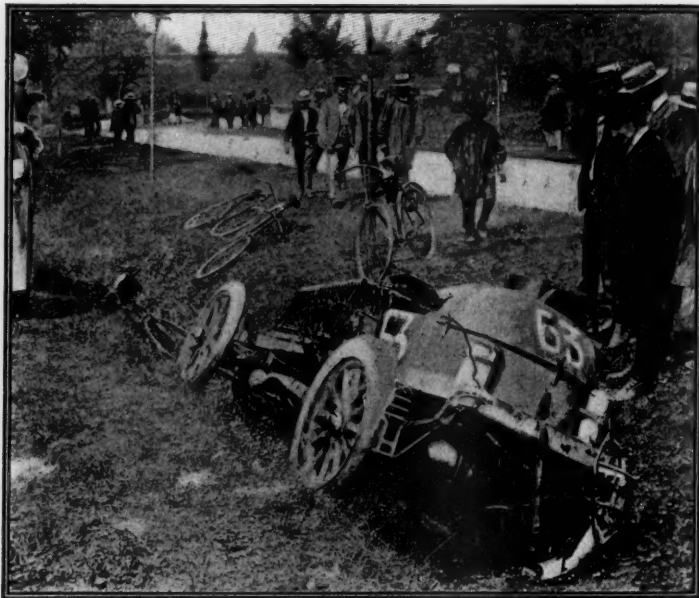


REVIEW OF A CAVALRY BRIGADE

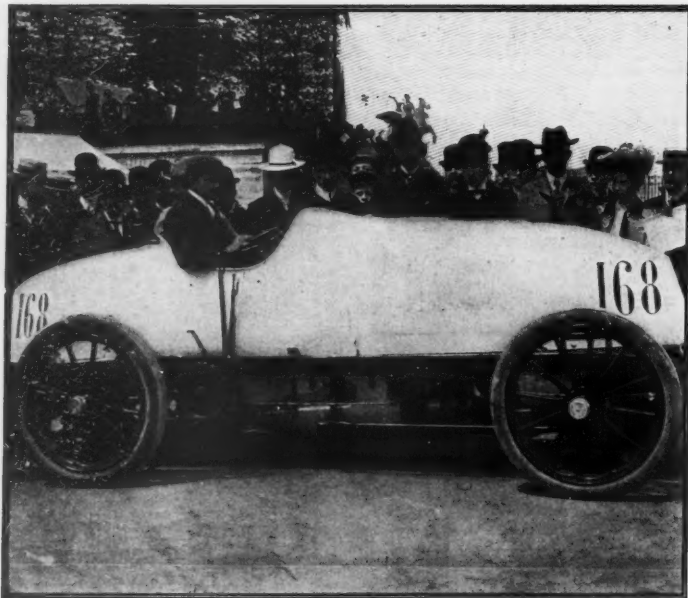
MANOEUVRES OF THE BULGARIAN ARMY IN THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS



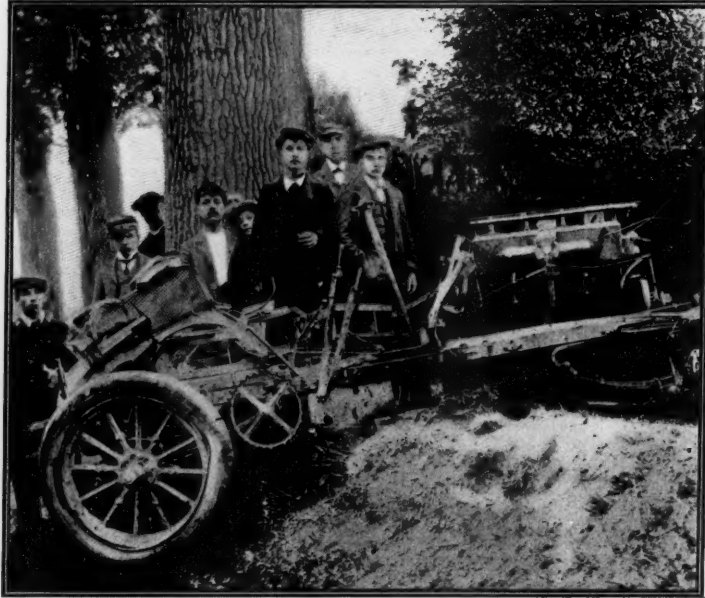
M. Marcel Renault in his Racing Car at the Starting Point



Wreck of Mr. Renault's Car near Coube-Verac



M. Gabriel, Winner of the First Stage of the Race—from Paris to Bordeaux



M. Tourand's Car, which killed two soldiers and a child near Angouleme and seriously injured the owner

THE ILL-FATED PARIS-MADRID AUTOMOBILE RACE, MAY 25, 1903

The Floods in the Middle West

By Charles Milo Vernon

THIS SPRING has been an unusually wet one in the Middle West. During the month of May there were only four clear days in the whole Missouri Valley. The rainfall was comparatively heavy, and from Kansas City to the Dakotas, rivers and creeks were running bankfull all month. Western streams differ from Eastern rivers. Their banks are of mud or sand, instead of rock, and there is little or no gravel in their beds. When these rivers are up, they are filled from bank to bank with muddy, liver-colored water. In their normal condition they are nothing but gray, sandy creases in the prairie, which is the case ten or eleven months in the year. The Kaw River, from the bottom of its bed to the top of its banks, isn't over twelve feet deep. Above its banks on either side are bluffs, usually two and a half miles from the bed of the river; and from these to the river-bed, in most cases, is a flat area. Here and there the bluffs crowd in closer to the banks. Under these bluffs fertile farms are located. Towns are also built under them for three hundred miles back from the Missouri.

The rains which immediately preceded the Kansas flood this year were not enough in themselves to have done any serious damage, but it had literally been raining forty days and forty nights, and the freshets of May 27, 28, 29 and 30 fell upon a thoroughly water-soaked land, ran into streams already brimfull, and came down the narrow plateau between the bluffs of the Kaw like a tidal wave. On Thursday the water rushed into the little town of Abilene, sweeping churches off their foundations, undermining brick buildings, and moving everything portable in its course. This was two hundred miles from Kansas City. By Friday the flood, ten feet deep and extending from bluff to bluff, had raced a hundred miles down the Solomon, Smoky Hill and Republican Rivers and tributary creeks, tearing out railroad bridges, burying railroad tracks, stripping farms of their outbuildings and washing away the growing crops. The warning of the flood reached Topeka early Saturday morning.

Topeka is a city set on a hill, but North Topeka is

between the Kaw and the north bluff, crowded on a narrow neck of level, low land. A horseshoe bayou runs through the city, marking the course of the river before the flood of 1844.

Friday noon, the bayou began to fill up and flood the cellars of many beautiful homes built in its course. The warning came, but even when North Topeka was covered with a placid lake a foot or two deep, the inhabitants, who had seen that sort of thing before, refused to move; and because the warning had come from a smaller town, the city people of Topeka sniffed and went about their business, for in Kansas the house of Topeka is known as a proud house. There are even those who accuse it of being the house of the Pharisees.

Then the rain fell and the floods came and the winds beat upon that house, and in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, the fall thereof was chronicled on the front page of the Sunday papers in headlines three inches high. All day Saturday the river rose, and the current in the old bayou grew stronger and stronger until it gripped men with the hand of death. It tore out bridges, rolled up paving as it would that much carpet, crushed wooden structures in its path like doll-houses, and in ten hours had made ten thousand people homeless. How many people it killed in Topeka will never be exactly known.

Saturday night fire broke out from unslaked lime in a lumber-yard, and the flood carried the embers in its eddies all over the town, and the light from these seemed to be a hundred fires.

Out West, when a calamity befalls, he who speaks of the loss in terms of less than a million is regarded with suspicion, and in time is even viewed with alarm, so that if one places the damage at \$5,000,000 from the headwaters of the Kaw to the upper limits of Kansas City, he may be a million or so above or below the facts, but that is a trivial matter.

The warning came to Kansas City in time to save what might have been an appalling loss of life. The water began to ooze through the streets of Argentine and Armourdale, which lie on the flats west of the

bluffs which choke in the Kaw, long before there was a semblance of a current. The news of the disaster at Topeka had preceded the flood to Kansas City, and all day Saturday people were moving from their houses to the higher ground of Kansas City, Kansas. In Kansas City, Missouri, policemen went the rounds of the town driving the inhabitants from their homes, cleaning the manufacturing districts of their inhabitants and preparing every one for the worst. So when the flood came to the town, and to the great manufacturing districts of Kansas City, it found a silent and deserted city. Its wrath was spent lashing iron, stone and wood, and it found no human prey. It took a dozen railroad bridges as a peace-offering, crumbled a score of buildings and lapped up hundreds of shacks and shanties of the poor, tangled up miles and miles of railroad tracks of a dozen different railroads, and raged over five square miles of towering wholesale houses, roaring through the Union Depot ten feet deep, covering cars and destroying miles of freight in them, and beat upon the ugly rock bluffs of Kansas City, Missouri, and there found its check. Saturday, Sunday and Monday the torrent swirled through the town before it began to fall. During those days it locked up Kansas City, Kansas, with her sixty thousand people, as though it were a walled city, and left Kansas City, Missouri, with only one outlet—only one pair of narrow rails, over the Missouri Pacific, connected the island of Kansas City with the world of commerce.

Wednesday morning, almost as if by magic, a line of ferryboats began running between the two cities. The two city organizations began working together in less than an hour. Charity began to organize and the Good Samaritan got under rules and regulations, and the twentieth century, which had begun to teeter backward, went forward.

But the marvel of the whole incident is this, that fifteen thousand people were moved through a flood to high ground, housed, fed and clothed, and so far as is known the list of dead numbers less than a score. Civilization has done a great many remarkable things with men, but nothing more wonderful than this.

KANSAS CITY, June 12, 1903



THE GREAT TOWER AT LUNA PARK, CONEY ISLAND

VENICE REPRODUCED IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

THAT NEW YORK is not listed among the summer resorts whose advantages are boomed in railway and board of trade advertising is doubtless because the metropolis needs no press agent to proclaim it a centre of entertainment all the year round. That part of the population which flees the city in summer is so inconsiderable a sprinkling of the total that the number is more than equalled by the invasion of visitors. During the months when the biased observer is wont to declare that "everybody's out of town," New York is the resort of an army of buyers and merchants from the country over, of birds of passage going to and from the country and shore resorts whose main highways lead through Manhattan, and a host of bona-fide pleasure-seekers who take advantage of low excursion rates.

While the most expensive hotels are comparatively deserted, those whose charges are less forbidding almost double their business, even in the months of July and August. This fact—a little surprising on the face of it—was confirmed by Simeon Ford, a well-posted hotel proprietor and keen observer, who said, concerning New York as a summer resort:

Well-filled Hotels

"The hotels whose class of business is transient and steer a middle course in rates expect the heaviest travel of the year between June and September. New York deserted? Why, I could mention a half-dozen large hotels which turn people away all summer. They do not include the Waldorf-Astoria, whose patronage does not linger to any extent when society, so called, migrates. The people who come to New York in summer for pleasure or business, or both, run up into the thousands, and the railroads centring in New York expect much heavier traffic than in the winter season. Of course, a large percentage of this travel is bound for other summer retreats, and there is no way of getting round New York. But the genuine summer visitor, who comes to see the city, and the various attractions in and near it, is a small multitude unto himself, and a factor in the balance-sheet of many a hotel-keeper seeking to keep body and bank-account together. It is superfluous to remark that the summer transient has more different kinds of a good time in New York than can be found in all the other resorts from Pugwash, Nova Scotia, to Cape May. I have seen Pugwash only on the map, but the name is worth building a summer resort around. New York is the only resort whose conscience does not loosen some rivets in claiming the best of everything and the most of it, from theatrical attractions and unsurpassed eating to sailing, bathing, yacht-racing, horse-racing, with no mosquitoes, no malaria, and our old friend 'Swept by ocean breezes.'"

The metropolitan stay-at-home who knows his New York asks little sympathy from the fugitive at sea-shore or mountains; for he knows that comfort and happiness can be found by the seeker, even from among the brick walls and pavements. The visitor is handicapped for lack of that intimate familiarity which leads by short cuts to the coolest restaurants, the best attractions and the most enjoyable excursions. If he takes his amusements seriously, however, and investigates New York as a summer resort "for all there is in it," he soon throws away any false impression of the big city as naught but a desert of masonry and baking humanity in midsummer.

Roof Gardens and Summer Shows

The wise men who handle large enterprises of public entertainment have come to realize that the summer exodus leaves behind the great majority who are able to pay for first-class diversion. Roof-gardens, summer runs of the most successful theatrical productions, cafés whose patrons are offered out-of-door dining on terraced inclosures or on breeze-swept roofs, and costly entertainment plans devised solely for the summer business, command each year more attention and invested capital. The visitor has at his command the results of millions of dollars' worth of amusement, materialized for his benefit by day and night. A great fleet of steamers scatters daily to a score of resorts, within the city limits, where on the ocean beaches, down New York Bay, along the Sound, and up the Hudson, a quarter of a million of dwellers in the metropolis find rest and diversion on any day of the midsummer heat. Bathing, fishing, sailing, and a wealth of entertainment schemes, on a scale surpassing any other holiday centre in the country, are enjoyed in the day's outing, and the excursionist can return to Manhattan in time for the

best dinner, the best music and the best play, and the limit of comfort in living that is measured by his financial schedule. These advantages have been long recognized throughout the South, more generally than in other sections, and several hotels, notably the Majestic, make special rates for this summer patronage, and have built up what is really a "summer-resort trade." Thousands of Southerners spend their summer vacations in New York, and fairly colonize the hotels that have come to claim their preference, while the visitors from other parts of the country are not so gregarious.

In and around New York there will be more notable attractions this year than during any previous summer. The largest enterprise to bid for a share of the summer amusement patronage is in the opening of Madison Square Garden as a concert-hall for the season, with Duss as the daring promoter. His orchestra made a successful summer invasion of New York last year, at the St. Nicholas Garden, and the second season has been made a notable feature of metropolitan summer life by the transformation of the largest auditorium in the city into a gorgeous scenic spectacle, at an expense of more than seventy thousand dollars. The vast extent of floor space is a Venice in miniature, and canals of "real water" float gondolas, among bridges and palaces, whose beautiful illusion glows with clustered lights. The setting in itself makes the Garden a refreshing retreat for summer evenings, when the population of a small city may listen to an orchestral programme and to the voices of the best soloists obtainable.

Theatrical managers plan an elaborate hot-weather programme, and artificial cooling systems have banished the terror of high temperatures on Broadway. The roof-gardens were depressed last year by the unusually cool weather that made their patrons think of Arctic expeditions on many evenings in July and August; but, with a normal season, this pleasing addition to the ways and means for making New York lively and livable will be gratefully indorsed. Oscar Hammerstein opened his Victoria Garden with "Punch, Judy & Co."—a light and cheerful product of his own versatile talent. Creator, the cyclonic conductor, will be with the Hammerstein forces again, and imported vaudeville and burlesque will vary the summer menu. At the roof-garden of the New York Theatre, George Lederer will present vaudeville and burlesque.

Pleasures on Land and Sea

The "Wizard of Oz" holds such rosy promise as an all-summer attraction that the roof-garden of the Majestic may not be opened. Other successes of the winter season will welcome the summer pleasure-seeker—among them "The Earl of Pawtucket," at the Manhattan Theatre, and the "Prince of Pilsen," at the Broadway Theatre. The Sultan of Sulu will remove his harem and other troubles to Manhattan Beach late in June, so that this popular potentate will be within the city limits until autumn. Other productions now running, or staggering, will be kept on Broadway as long as the public is willing; but, barring those whose fate is uncertain, there will be a more plentiful supply of first-class summer attractions than ever before.

Of concert-halls and gardens, and theatres scattered over more than two hundred square miles of the city territory, the number is counted by scores, and the summer is a harvest-time for those which endeavor to provide light entertainment and extra ventilation.

The visitor whose ambitions are lofty can not only find his entertainment on the roofs, but can dine as a cliff-dweller at several hotels whose summer cafés are high in air, where the breeze from sea and Sound makes the air many degrees cooler than near the pavements. Dining out-of-doors in the heart of Manhattan is a growing habit—more Continental in appearance than almost any other phase of New York summer life.

With more park area and a greater extent of surrounding water-front than any other city of the country, New York is not often stifling even for the sight-seer who wishes to extend his programme beyond theatre-going and dining. Systematic sight-seeing in summer-time has become not only endurable, but enjoyable, since the introduction of a public automobile service, for the purpose of taking visitors over the route of the most interesting and historic places in the city. It is possible to "do" New York more thoroughly and intelligently, with one of these parties and the guide and lecturer who is part of the equipment, than most residents would in a lifetime. These breezy tours are supplemented by a steam-yacht trip around the island of Manhattan, so that in a day the tourist sees New York afield and afloat. The water trips include the Statue of Liberty, the Battery, Hell Gate, the

Palisades, the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and the vivid panorama of the New York water-front and the shipping of the "Seven Seas."

After all, the chief charm of New York in summer is on the water, and along the populous stretches of ocean which are all within less than an hour of breezy sailing down the bay—Coney Island, Brighton Beach, Manhattan Beach and Rockaway on the western end of Long Island; Sandy Hook and the continuous extent of the Jersey resorts that begin on the other side of the ocean gateway; South Beach on Staten Island, and the fishing banks offshore, are all at the threshold of the metropolis. The hundreds of thousands of holiday-seekers who throng these resorts are willing to pay for a greater variety of amusement than Nature supplies with such lavish hand; and ingenuity, freakish and otherwise, is piling millions of dollars into New York's out-of-door refuges to separate the public from its money and give value thereof.

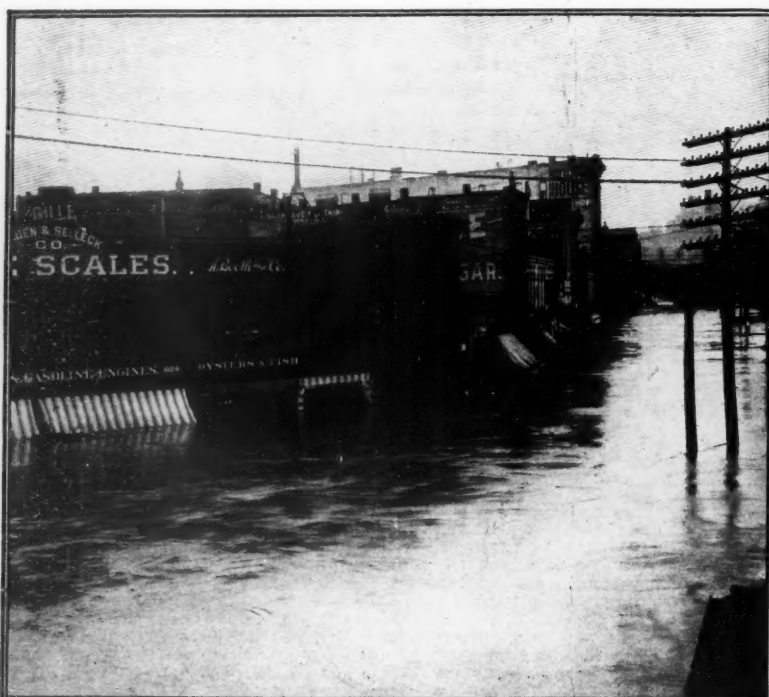
New Marvels at Coney Island

Coney Island, home of more kinds of amusement than may easily be counted, gains new fame this season because, of the most costly and extensive amusement project ever opened for the entertainment of the New York multitude by the sea. Luna Park is a colossal syndicate of entertainment. The promoters have spent a million dollars to make this the biggest show in the biggest city, and have packed twenty-two acres with novelties to make the visitor feel dazed. These twenty-odd acres are a "Midway" of lagoon, towers, pagodas, cities in miniature, a half-million of electric lights, and spectacular joys at every turn. The "Trip to the Moon," one of the notable successes of the Pan-American Exposition, may be called the leading feature, as its profits assisted largely to finance the enterprise. But this show is only a detail of Luna Park, which includes Chinese and Irish theatres, an Eskimo village, the biggest "chute-the-chutes," "the biggest dancing pavilion in the world," underground watercourses, submarine boating, and a swarm of electric launches and gondolas twisting through woodland streams. There are amusements in the air, on the earth and underneath, and bands and orchestras sufficient to fill twenty acres with assorted melody. The illumination scheme is on a scale to harmonize with the record-breaking bigness and profusion of this resort, which near any other city would be a sensation; in New York, it is only a detail of the summer programme. Bostock will add another new feature to Coney Island, by assembling his wild animal collection in an imitation of their native jungle. The beasts will roam in realistic freedom, and gather at the command of their master—a new departure in wild animal shows which will increase the average number of thrills among the spectators.

Manhattan Beach, whose bath-houses can accommodate ten thousand bathers in a day, will add first-class theatrical talent to the attractions of the sad sea-waves. "The Sultan of Sulu" will be followed by the gorgeous spectacular production of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." Brighton Beach, famed for its huge hotel, which has served twenty thousand meals in one day, has a summer vaudeville theatre, and a race-track, whose midsummer meeting is one of the notable events in the high-class racing season around New York, which assembles the most famous horses and the prominent turfmen of the country for the greater part of the summer. The present year is the most notable in the history of American racing, and from now until autumn, with the exception of the Saratoga meeting in August, the interest of many thousands of patrons will be focused in the tracks around New York—a conspicuous attraction for the summer visitor in the metropolis.

A Wonderful Marine Spectacle

Although the America's Cup races will not be sailed until August, the costliest and most sensational fleet of ninety-footers ever assembled will be on exhibition down the bay, with races off Sandy Hook during the greater part of the summer. Three American aspirants for challenging honors—*Reliance*, *Constitution* and *Columbia*—and the two *Shamrocks* of Sir Thomas Lipton, trial horse and challenger, will make yachting pictures never before equalled in interest and beauty in home or foreign waters. The magnificent exhibition will be within the reach of the summer sojourner in New York as an outing of trifling cost—down through the Narrows and the stretches of one of the most impressive harbors of the world, a trip whose beauties are dulled to the native New Yorker only because much seeing has blunted the freshness of the impression.



LOOKING INTO UNION AVENUE FROM THE CORNER OF SANTA FE STREET



LOOKING WEST ON UNION AVENUE—THE UNION DEPOT ON THE LEFT



BURNING FREIGHT-CARS IN THE RAILROAD YARDS



RAILROAD TRAFFIC AT A STANDSTILL IN THE WHOLESALE DISTRICT



THE OUTSKIRTS OF KANSAS CITY COMPLETELY SUBMERGED



BURNING LIME AND OIL CARS ON THE TRACKS NEAR THE UNION DEPOT

THE DISASTROUS FLOOD



DEVASTATION ALONG THE RIVER FRONT



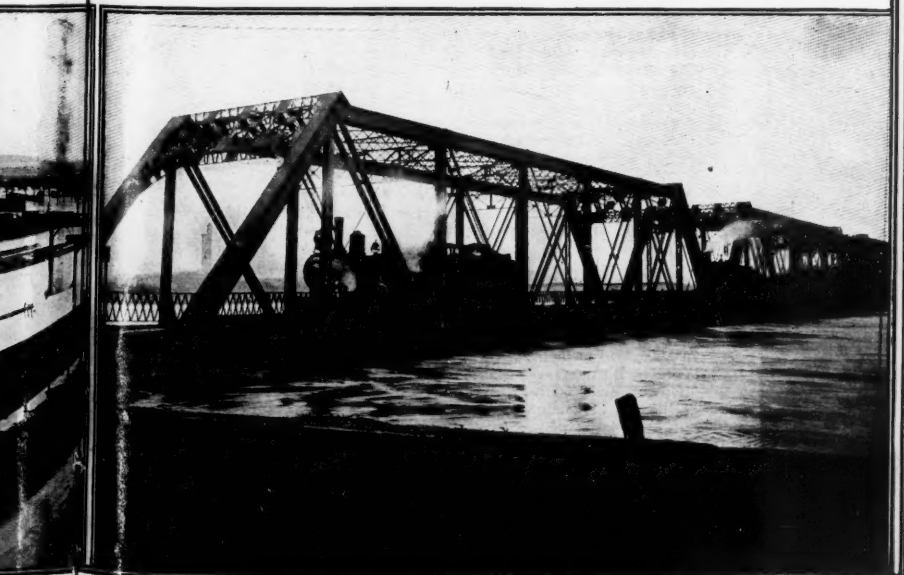
FLOODED HOTELS ON UNION AVENUE



ETELY SUBMERGED BY THE HIGH WATERS OF THE MISSOURI RIVER



TROLLEY RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE KAW RIVER WASHED AWAY BY THE FLOOD



LOCOMOTIVES USED TO HOLD DOWN THE NEW MISSOURI PACIFIC BRIDGE



SENDING PROVISIONS TO THE BLOSSOM HOUSE BY BASKET TROLLEY

FLOODS IN KANSAS CITY

A WARWICKSHIRE LAD

By GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

Author of "Emmy Lou: Her Book and Heart" : : Illustrated by George Wright

LITTLE Will Shakespeare was going homeward through the dusk from Gammer Gorton's fireside. He had no timorous fears, not he. He would walk proudly and deliberately as becomes a man. Men are not afraid. Yet Gammer had told of strange happenings at her home. A magpie had flown screaming over the roof, the butter would not come in the churn, an' a strange cat had slipped out afore the maid at daybreak—a cat without a tail, Gammer said—

Little Will quickened his pace. Dusk falls early these December days, and Willy Shakespeare scurrying along the street is only five, and although men are not afraid: yet—

So, presently when he pulls up, he is panting, and he beats against the stubborn street door with little red fists, and falls in at its sudden opening, breathless.

But Mother's finger is on her lips as she looks up from her low chair in the living-room, for the whole world, in this Henley Street household, stands still and holds its breath when Baby Brother sleeps. Brought up short, Will tiptoes over to the chimney corner. Why will toes stump when one means most to move noiselessly? He is panting still, too, with his hurrying and with all he has to tell.

"She says," begins Will, before he has even reached mother's side, and his whisper is awesome, "Gammer says that Margery is more than any ailin', she is."

Now chimney corners may be wide and generous, and cheerful with their blazing log, but they open into rooms, which as night comes on grow big and shadowy, with flickers up against the rafters and darkness of the ceilings. Little Will Shakespeare presses closer to his mother's side. "She says, Gammer does, she says that Margery is bewitched."

Now Margery was the serving-maid at the house of Gammer Gorton's son-in-law, Goodman Sadler, with whom Gammer lived.

Mother at this speaks sharply. She is outdone about it. "A pretty tale for a child to be hearing," she says. "It is but a fearbabe. I wonder at Gammer, I do."

And turning aside from the cradle, which she has been rocking, she lifts small Will to her lap, and he, stretching frosty fingers, and toes all tingly, to the heat, snuggles close. He is glad Mother speaks sharply and is outdone about it; somehow this makes it more reassuring.

"Bewitched!" says Mother. "Tell me! It's lingering in the lane after dark with that gawky country sweetheart has given her the fever that her betters have been having since the Avon came over bank. A wet autumn is more to be feared than Gammer's witches. Poor luck it is the lubber-folk weren't after the girl in truth; a slattern maid she is, her hearth unswept and house-door always open and the cream ever achill. The brownie-folk, I promise you, Will, pinch black and blue for less."

Mother is laughing at him. Little Will recognizes that and smiles back, but half-heartedly, for he is not through confessing.

"I don't like to wear it down my back," says Will. "It tickles."

"Wear what?" asks Mother, but even as she speaks must partly divine, for a finger and thumb go searchingly down between his little nape and the collar of his doublet, and in a moment they draw it forth, a bit of witches' elm.

"Gammer she sewed it there," says Will.

A little frown was gathering between Mother's brows, which was making small Willy Shakespeare feel still more reassured and comfortable, when suddenly she gave a cry and start, half rising, so that he, startled too, slid perforce to the floor, clinging to her gown.

Whereupon Mother sank back in her chair, her hand pressed against the kerchief crossed over her bosom, and laughed shamefacedly, for it had been nothing more terrible than big, purring Graymalkin, insinuating his sleek back under her hand as he arched and rubbed about her chair, that had startled her. And so, sitting down shamefacedly, she gathered Will up again and called him goose and little chuck, as if he and not she had been the one to jump and cry out.

But he laughed boisterously. The joke was on Mother, and so he laughed loud, as becomes a man when the joke is on the women folk.

"Ho!" said Will Shakespeare.

"Sh-h-h—" said Mother.

But the mischief is done and Will must get out of her lap, for little Brother Gilbert, awakened, is whimpering in the cradle.

So Will clambered up on the settle to think it all over. Mother had started and cried out. So, after all, was Mother afraid, too? Of—of things? Had she said it all to reassure him? The magpie had flown screaming over the house, for he had seen it. So what if the rest were true—that the cat, the cat without a tail stealing out at daybreak, had been—what Gammer said—a witch, weaving overnight her spell about poor Margery? He knew how it would have been; he had heard whispers about these things before: the dying embers on the hearth, the little waxen figure laid to melt thereon, the witch-woman weaving the charm about—now swifter, faster circling—with passes of hands above.

Little Will Shakespeare, terrified at his own imaginings, clutched himself, afraid to move. Is that only



Hamnet sprawling into the room, the pippins preceding him over the floor

a shadow yonder in the corner, now creeping toward him, now stealing away?

What is that at the pane? Is it the frozen twigs of the old pippin, or the tapping fingers of some night-creature without?

Will Shakespeare falls off the settle in his haste and scuttles to Mother. Once there, he hopes she does not guess why he hangs to her so close. But he is glad, nevertheless, when candles are brought in.

But these things all vanish from mind when the outer door opens and Dad comes in stamping and blowing. Dad is late, but men are always late. It is the thing that they should come in late and laugh at the women who chide and remind them that candles cost, and that it makes the maid testy to be kept waiting.

Men should laugh loud like Dad, and catch Mother under the chin and kiss her once, twice, three times. Will means to be just such a man when he grows up, and to fill the room with his big shoulders and bigger laugh as Dad is doing now, while tossing Brother Gilbert. He, little Will, he shall never be one like Goodman Sadler, Gammer's son-in-law, with a lean, long nose, and a body slipping flatlike through a crack of the door.

And here Dad bends to tweak the ear of Will, who would laugh noisily if it hurt twice as bad. It makes him feel himself a man to wink back those tears of pain.

"A busy afternoon this, Mary," says Dad. "Old Timothy Quinn, from out Welcombe way, was in, haggling over a dozen hides to sell. Then Burbage was over from Coventry about that matter of the players, and kept me so that I had to send Bardolph out with your Cousin Lambert to Wilmcote to mark that timber for felling."

Now, for all Master Shakespeare's big, off-hand mentioning thus of facts, this was meant for a confession.

Mary Shakespeare had risen to take the cowering Gilbert, handed back to her by her husband, and with the

other hand was encircling Will, holding to her skirt. She was tall, with both grace and state, and there was a chestnut warmth in the hair about her clear, white brow and nape, and in the brown of her serene and tender eyes. They smiled across at John Shakespeare with a hint of upbraiding, and she shook her head at him with playful reproach.

Little Will saw her do it. He knew, too, how to interpret such a look. Had Father been naughty? "You are not selling more of the timber, John?" asked Mother.

"Say the word, Mistress Mary Arden of the Asbies," says Father grandly, "and I stop the bargain with your Cousin Lambert where it stands. It's yours to say about your own. Though nothing spend, how shall a man live up to his state? But it shall be as you say, although it's for you and the boy. He is the chief bailiff's son—his Dad can feel he has given him that, but would have him more—I've never forgot your people felt their Mary stepped down to wed a Shakespeare. I have applied to the Heralds' College for a grant of arms. The Shakespeares are as good as any who fought to place the crown on Henry VII.'s head.

But it shall be stopped. The land and the timber on it is Mistress Mary Shakespeare's, not mine."

But Mary, pushing little Will aside, hung to her husband's arm, and the warmth of her tender eyes deepened to something akin to yearning as they looked up at him. With the man of her choice, and her children—with these Mary Shakespeare's life and heart were full. There was no room for ambition, for she was content. Had life been any sweeter to her as Mary Arden of the Asbies, daughter of a gentleman, than as Mary Shakespeare, wife of a dealer in leathers? Nay, nor as sweet.

But she could not make her husband see it so. Yet—and she looked up at him with a sudden passion of love in the gaze—it was this big, sanguine, restless, masterful spirit in him that had won her. From the narrow, restricted conditions of a provincial gentlewoman's life, she had looked out into a bigger world for living, through the eyes of this masterful yeoman—his heart big with desire to conquer and ambition to achieve. Was her faith in his capacity to know and seize the essential in his venturing, less now than then? Never, never—not that, not that.

"Do as you will about it, John," begs Mary, her cheek against his arm, "only—is it kind to say the land is mine? We talked that all out once, Goodman mine. Only this one thing more, John, for I would not seem ever to carp and faultfind—you know that, don't you?—but, that Bardolph—"

"He's a low tavern fellow, I allow, Mary—of course, of course, I know all you would say—his nose afire and his ruffian black poll ever being broken in some brawl, but he's a good enough fellow behind it, and useful to me. You've got to keep on terms with high and low, Mary, to hold the good will of all. That's why I'm anxious to arrange this matter with Burbage to have the players here, if the Guild will consent—"

"Players?" says Will, listening at his father's side.

"What are players?"

"Tut," says Dad, "not know the players. They are actors, Will—players. Hear the boy—not know the players!"

But Mother strokes his hair. "When I told you a tale, sweet, this very morn, you went to playing it after. I was the Queen-mother, you said, outside the prison walls, and you and Brother were the little Princes in the cruel tower, and thus you played: you stood at the casement, two gentle babes, cradling each other in your arms, and called to me below. So with the players, child: they play the story out instead of telling it. But now, these my babes to bed."

The next day things seem different. One no longer feels afraid, while the memory of Gammer's tales is alluring. Will remembers, too, that greens from the forest were ordered sent to the Sadlers' for the making of garlands for the Town Hall revels. Small Willy Shakespeare slipped off from home that afternoon.

But, reaching the Sadlers, he stopped on the threshold abashed. The living-room was filled with neighbors come to help—young men, girls, with here and there some older folk—all gathered about a pile of greens in the centre of the floor from which each was choosing his bit, while garlands and wreaths half done lay about in the rushes.

But, though his baby soul dreams it not, there is ever a place and welcome for a chief bailiff's little son. They turn at his entrance, and Mistress Sadler bids him come in; and her cousin at her elbow praises his eyes—shade o' hazel nut, she calls them. And Gammer, peering to find the cause of interruption and spying him, pushes a stool out from under her feet and curving a yellow, shaking finger, beckons and points him to it. But while doing so, she does not stay her quavering and garrulous recital. He has come, then, in time to hear the tale.

"An' the man, a name of Gosling," Gammer is saying, "dwelt by a churchyard—"

Will Shakespeare slips to his place on the stool.

Hamnet is next to him, Hamnet Sadler, who is eight, almost a man grown. Hamnet's cheeks are red and hard and shining, and he stands square and looks you in the face. Hamnet has a fist, too, and has thrashed the butcher's son down by the Rother Market, though the butcher's son is nine.



The two have run away to wander about the lanes

Here Hamnet nudges Will. What is this he is saying? About Gammer, his very own grandame?

"Aren't no witches," mutters Hamnet to Will. "Schoolmaster says so. Says the like of Gammer's talk is naught but woman's tales."

Whereupon Gammer pauses and turns her puckered eyes down upon the two urchins at her knee. Has she heard what her grandson said? Will Shakespeare feels as guilty as if he had been the one to say it.

"Ay, but those are brave words, Hammie," says Gammer, and she wags her sharp chin knowingly; "brave words. An' you shall take the bowl yonder an' fetch a round o' pippins from the cellar for us here. Candle? La, you know the way full well. The dusk is hardly fell. Nay, you're not plucking Judith's sleeve, Hammie? You are not a lad to want a sister at elbow? Go, now. What say you, Mistress Snelling? 'The tale?' An' Willy Shakespeare here, all eyes and open mouth for it, too? Ay, but he's the rascaliest sweet youngster for the tale. An' where were we? Ay, the fat woman of Brentford had just come to Goodman Gosling's house—

"Come back an' shut the door behind you, Hammie; there's more than a nip to these December gales. I' faith, how the lad drumbles, a clumsy lob—

"As you say, the fat woman of Brentford, one Gossip Pratt by name, an' two yards round by common say she was, an' that beard showing on her chin under her thrummed hat an' muffer, a man with score o' years to beard need not be ashamed of—this same woman comes to Goodman Gosling's, him as dwelt by the churchyard. But he, avised about her dealings, sent her speedily away, most like not choosing his words, him being of a jandered, queazy stomach, an' something given to tongue. For an hour following her going, an' you'll believe me—an' I had it from his wife's cousin a-come ten year this simple time when I visited my sister's daughter Nan, at Brentford—his hogs fell sick an' died to the number o' twenty an' he helpless afore their bloating an' swelling.

"Nor did it end there, for his children falling ill soon after—a pretty dears they were, I mind them, a-hanging o' their heads to see a stranger, an' a finger in mouth—they falling sick, the woman of Brentford come again, an' this time all afraid to say her nay. An' layin' off her cloak, she took the youngest from the mother's breast, dandling an' chuckling it like any honest woman, whereupon it fell a sudden in a swoon.

"An' Goodwife Gosling seizing it, an' mindful of her being a witch-woman, calling on the name o' God, straightway there fell out the child's blanket a great toad which exploded in the fire like any gunpowder, an' the room that full o' smoke an' brimstone a none could—Save us! what's that!" cried Gammer.

What, indeed! That cry—this rush along the passage-way! Will Shakespeare, with heart a-still, clutches at Gammer's gown, as there follows a crash against the oaken panels.

But as the door bursts open, it is Hamnet, head-first falling, sprawling into the room, the pippins preceding him over the floor.

"It were ahind me, breathin' hoarse, on the cellar stairs," whimpers Hamnet, gathering himself to his knees, his fist burrowing into his eyes.

Nor knows why at this moment the laughter rises loud. For Hamnet can not see what the others can—the white nose of Clowder, the asthmatic old house-dog, coming inquiringly over his shoulder, her tail wagging inquiry as to the wherefore of the uproar.

But somehow, little Will Shakespeare did not laugh. His cheeks and his ears burned hot instead for Hamnet. Judith did not laugh either. Judith was ten, and Hamnet's sister, and her black eyes flashed around on them all for laughing, and her cheeks were red. Judith flashed a look at Gammer, too, her own Gammer. But somehow Will's heart warmed to Judith, and he went too when she sprang to help Hamnet gather the apples up.

Hamnet's face was scarlet also, as he fumbled around among the rushes and the greens for the pippins, and this done he retired hastily to his stool. But three-legged stools are uncertain, and he sat him heavily down on the rushes instead.

Whereupon they laughed the louder, the girls and the women, too—laughed until the candles' flames flickered and flared, and Gammer, choking over her bowl, for cates and cider were being handed around, spilled the drink all down her withered neck and over her gown, wheezing and gasping until her daughter snatched the bowl from her and shook the breath back into her with no gentle hand.

Meanwhile, Will plucked Hamnet, now blubbering on his stool, by the doublet. But Hamnet, turned sullen, shook him off. Perhaps he did not know that Will and Judith had not laughed. But since Hamnet saw fit to shake him off, Will was glad that just then, with a rush of cold air and a sprinkling of snow upon his short coat, Dad came in. His face was ruddy, and as he glanced laughingly around upon them all, he drew deep breath of the spicy evergreens, so that he filled his doublet and close-throated jerkin to their full.

"Good-even to you, neighbors," says Dad. "An' is it any wonder the boy will run away to hie him here? The rogue knows a good thing equal to his elders.

But come, boy; your mother is even now sure you have wandered to the river."

And Dad, with a mighty swing, shoulders Will, steadying him with a palm under both small feet; then pauses at Mistress Snelling's questioning.

"Is it true," she inquires, "that the players are coming?"

Sandy-hued Mistress Sadler stiffens and bristles at the question. The Sadlers are a fair bit Puritanical, whereas there are those who hold that John Shakespeare and his household, for all they are observant of Church matters, have still a Catholic leaning. Fond as the Sadler household are of genial John Shakespeare, they shake their heads over some things, and the players are one.

"Is it true they are coming?" repeats Mistress Snelling.

"Ay," says Dad, "an' John Shakespeare the man to be thanked for it. Come Twelfth Day sennight, at the Guild Hall, Mistress Snelling."

"An' I to see them, Dad?" whispers small Will, his head down and an arm tight about his father's neck as they go out the door.

"Ay, you inch," promises Dad, stooping, too, as they go under the lintel beneath the penthouse roof, out into the frosty night. The stars are beginning to twinkle through the dusk, and the frozen path crunches underfoot. On each side, as they go up the street, the yards about the houses stand bare and gaunt with leafless stalks.

"Yes," says Dad. "Ay, boy, you shall see the players from between Dad's knees."

And like the old familiar stories we put up on the shelf, to gloat meanwhile over the unknown treasures between the lids of the new, straightway Gammer's tales are forgot. And above the wind, as it whips scurries of snow around the corners, pipes Will's voice as they trudge home. But his pipings, his catechisms, now are concerned with this unknown world summed up in the magic term, "The players."

And Dad was as good as his word. First came

head for crown, ever triumphed over Vice, in the person of dull Kitty, with her knitting on the stool; or where, according to the play, in turn, Noah or Abraham or Jesus Christ walked in heaven, while Herod or Pilate, Cain or Judas, burned in yawning hell.

But as spring came, the garden offered a broader stage for life. The Shakespeare house was in Henley Street, and a fine house it was—too fine, some held, for a man in John Shakespeare's circumstances—two-storied, of timber and plaster, with dormer-windows and a penthouse over its door. And like its neighbors, the house stood with a yard at side, and behind, a garden of flowers and fruit and herbs. And here the boy played the warm days through, his mother stepping now and then to the lattice-window to see what he was about. And, gazing, often she saw him through tears, because of a yearning love over him the more because of the two children dead before his coming.

And Will, seeing her there, would tear into the house and drag her by the hand forth into the sweet, rain-washed air.

"An' see, Mother," he would tell her, as he haled her on to the sward beyond the arbor, "here it is, the story you told us yester-e'en, here is the ring where they danced last night, the little folk, an' here is the glow-worm caught in the spider's web to give them light."

But something had changed Mary Shakespeare's mood. John Shakespeare, Chief Bailiff and Burgess of Stratford, was being sued for an old debt, and one which Mary Shakespeare had been allowed to think had been paid. And thereupon there came to light other outstanding debts of which she had not known. And now they must be met. And her husband, with an iron in so many fires, seemed forever to have put money out, in ventures in leather, in wool, in corn, in timber, and to draw none in. And now he talked of a mortgage on the Asbies estate.

"Never," Mary told herself, with a look at little Will, at toddling Gilbert at her feet, with a thought for the unborn child soon to add another inmate to the household—"not with my consent. When the time comes they are grown, what will be left for them?"

She was bitter about the secrecy of those debts incurred unknown to her. And yet, to set herself against John!

Wandering with the children down the garden-path, idly she plucked a red rose and laid its cheek against a white one already in her hand. A kingdom divided against itself.

She sighed, then became conscious of the boy pulling at her sleeve.

"Tell us a story, Mother," he was begging—"a story with fighting an' a sword."

"A story, Will, with fighting and a sword?" Never yet could she say the child nay. She held her roses from her and pondered while she gazed. And her heart was bitter.

"There was an Arden, child, whose blood is in your veins, who fought and fell at Barnet, crying shrill and fierce, 'Edward my King, St. George and Victory!' And the young Edward, near him as he fell, called to a knight to lay hand to his heart, for Edward knew and loved him well, and had received of him money for a long-forgotten debt

which young Edward's father would not press. So Edward called to a knight to lay hand upon his heart. But he was dead. 'A soldier and a knight,' said he who was afterward the King, 'and more—an honest man.'

Then she pushed the boy aside, and, going swiftly to the house, ran to her room, and, face laid in her hands, she wept. What had she said, in the bitterness of her feeling? What—even to herself—had she said?

Yet money must be had, she admitted that. But to incur the estate—

She shrank from her own people knowing; she had inherited more of her father's estate than her sisters, and there had been feeling, and her brothers-in-law, Lambert and Webb, would be but upheld in their prophecies about her husband's capacity to care for her property. She would not have them know. "Talk it over first with your father, John," she told her husband, "or with your brother Henry. Let us not rush blindly into this thing. You had promised, anyhow, you remember, to take Will out to the sheep-shearing."

So the next morning, John Shakespeare swung Will up on the horse before him, and the two rode away through the chill mistiness of the dawn, Will kissing his hand back to Mother in the doorway. Bound for Grandfather's at Snitterfield they were. So out through the town, past the scattering homesteads with their gardens and orchards, travelled Robin, the stout gray cob, small Will's chattering voice as high-piped as the bird-calls to one another through the dawn; on into the open country of meadows and cultivated fields, the mists lifting rosy before the coming sun, through lanes with mossy banks, cobwebs spun between the blooming hedgerows heavy with dew, over the hills, past the straggling ash and hawthorn of the dingles. And everywhere the cold, moist scent of dawn, and peep and call of nest-birds.

And so early has been their start and so good stout Robin's pace, that, reaching the Snitterfield farm, they find everything in the hurly-burly of preparation for sheep-shearing. So, after a hearty kissing by the



Little sister Annie lay ill with the croup

Christmas-tide, with all Master Shakespeare's fellow burgesses to dine, and the house agog with preparation. No wonder John Shakespeare had need of money to live up to his state, for next came the Twelfth Night Revels with the mummers and waits to be fed and boxed at the chief bailiff's door. But Mary Shakespeare said never a word, but did her husband's bidding cheerfully, even gayly. She had set herself to go his way with faith in his power to wrest success out of venture, and she was not one to take back her word.

The week following, John Shakespeare carried his little son to see the players.

"And was it not as I said?" Mother asked, when the two returned. "Did not the child fall asleep in the midst of it?"

"Sleep!" laughed Dad, clapping Will, so fine in a little green velvet coat, upon the shoulder. "He sleep! You do not know the boy. His cheeks were like your best winter apples, an' his eyes, bless the rogue, they're shining yet. An' trotting homeward at my heels, he's scarce had breath to run for talking of it. It's in the blood, boy; your father before you loves a good play, an' the players too."

And Will, blowing upon his nails aching with the cold, stands squarely with his small legs apart, and looks up at Father. "An' I shall be a player, too, when I'm a man," says Willy Shakespeare. "I shall be a player an' wear a dagger like Herod, an' walk about an' draw it—so—" and struts him up and down while his father laughs and claps hand to knee and roars again, until Mistress Shakespeare tells him he it is that spoils the child.

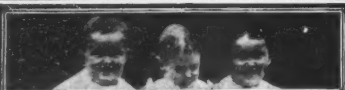
But for Will Shakespeare the curtain had risen on a new world, a world of giant, of hero, of story, a world of glitter, of pageant, of scarlet and purple and gold. And now, henceforth the flagstoned floor about the chimney was a stage upon which Mother and Brother and Kitty, the maid, at little Will's bidding, with Will himself, played a part; a stage where Virtue, in other words Will, with the parcel-gilt goblet upside down upon his



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womenfolk, aunts and cousins, Will, with a cake hot from the baking thrust into his hand, goes out to the steading to look around. At Snitterfield there are poultry, and calves too, in the byre, and little pigs in the pen back of the barn. Then comes breakfast in the kitchen with the farm-hands, with their clattering hobnailed shoes and tarry hands. Then later comes the business of sheep-washing, which Will views from the shady bank of the pool, and in his small heart he is quite torn because of the plaintive bleatings of the frightened sheep. But he swallows it as a man should. There is a pedler haunting the sheep-shearing festivals of the neighborhood. The women have sent for him to bring his pack to Snitterfield, and Dad bids Will choose a pair of scented gloves for Mother—and be quick: they must be off for Stratford before the noon.

Dad seems short and curt. Grandfather, his broad, florid face upturned to Dad astride Robin, shakes his hoary head. "Doan' you do it, son John," says Grandfather; "it's a-building on sand is any man who thinks to prosper on a mortgage. Henry and I'll advance you a bit. After which, cut down your living in Henley Street, son John, an' draw in the purse-strings."

But baby years pass. When Will Shakespeare is six, he hears that he is to go to school. But not to nod over a hornbook at the petty school—not John Shakespeare's son. Little Will Shakespeare is entered at King's New College, which is a grammar-school.

But, dear me! dear me! it was a dreary place and irksome. At first, small Will sat among his kind, awed. When Schoolmaster breathed Will breathed, but when Schoolmaster glanced frowningly up from under overhanging brows like penthouse roofs, then the heart of Will Shakespeare quaked within him.

But that was while he was six. At seven, when the elements of Latin grammar confronted him, Will had already found grammar-school an excellent place to plead aching tooth or heavy head to stay away from. At eight, a dreary travelling for him to cover did his Sententiae Pueriles prove, and idle paths more pleasing.

At nine, he had learned to know many things not taught at grammar-school. For instance, he knew one Bardolph of the brazen, fiery nose, the tapster at the tavern. It was Bardolph who drew him out from under the knee and belaying fists of one Thomas Chettle, another grammar-school boy, who had him down, behind High Cross in the Rother Market.

"In the devil's name," said Bardolph, setting him on his feet, "with your nose all gore an' never an eye you can open—what do you mean, boy, to be letting the likes of that come over you—" "That" meant Thomas Chettle, his fists squared, and he as red as any fighting turkey, held off at arm's-length by Bardolph.

"Come over me!" cries Will, with a rush at Thomas, head down, for all his being held off by Bardolph's other hand. "Who says he's come over me—"

Now the matter stood thus. The day before, Will Shakespeare had followed a company of strolling mountebanks about town instead of going to school. And Thomas Chettle had told Schoolmaster, and he had told Father. When Will reached home the evening before, Dad was telling as much to Mother and blaming her for it. "An' Chettle's lad admits Will had ever rather see the swords an' hear a drum than look upon his lessons—"

This Father was saying as Will sidled in. Will heard him say it. And so Thomas had to answer for it.

"Come over me!" says Will to Bardolph, who is holding him off and contemplating him, a battered wreck—"come over me!"—spitting blood and drawing a sleeve across his gory countenance—"I'd like to see him do it!" Will Shakespeare was not one to know when he was beaten.

A year or two more, and school grew more irksome. Father fumed, and Mother sighed and drew Will up to her knee, whereon lay new little sister Ann, while little sister Joan toddled about the floor. "Canst not seem to care for your books at all, son?" Mother asked, brushing Will's red brown hair out of his eyes. "Canst not see how it frets Father, who would have his oldest son a scholar and a gentleman?"

He meant to try. But hadn't Dad himself let him off one day to tramp at heels after him and Uncle Henry in Arden Forest?

Will Shakespeare at eleven is a sorry student. There comes a day when he is a big boy, near thirteen years old. It is a time when the soft, hot days of spring, and the scent and the pulse of growing things, get in the blood, and set one sick panting for the woods and the feel of the lush green underfoot, and for the sound of running water. Not that Will Shakespeare can put it into words—he only knows that, when the smell of the warm, newly turned earth comes in at the schoolroom window and the hum of a wandering bee rises above the droning of the lesson, he lolls on the hacked and ink-stained desk and gazes out at the white clouds flecking the blue, and all the truant blood in his sturdy frame pulls against his promises.

Then at length there comes a day when the madness is strong upon him and he hides his books, his Cato's Maxims, or perchance his Confabulations Pueriles, under the garden hedge, and, skirting the town, makes his way along the river. And there, hidden among the willows and green alders and rustling sedge, he spends the morning; and when in the heat of the day the fish refuse to nibble, he takes his hunch of bread out his pocket and lies on his back among the rushes, while lazy dreams flit across his consciousness as the light summer clouds rock mistily across the blue.

And, the wandering madness still upon him, in the afternoon he skirts about and tramps toward Shottery. It is no new thing to go

to Shottery with or without Mother for a day at the Hathaways'. There always has been rebellion in the blood of Will Shakespeare, and there is a slender, wayward, grown-up somebody at Shottery who understands. Ann Hathaway has stayed often in Stratford with the Shakespeare household. Mother loves Ann; Father teases and twits her; the young men, swains and would-be sweethearts, swarm about her like bumblebees about the honeysuckle at the garden gate.

And when she is there, Will himself seldom leaves her side. He has oft been a rebellious boy, whereat Mother has sighed and Father has sworn; but Ann, staying with them, and she alone, has laughed. She has understood.

And there have been times when this tall, brown-haired young person has seized his hand, as if she, too, had moments of rebellion, and the two have run away—away from the swains and the would-be sweethearts, the Latin grammar and the scoldings, to wander about the river banks and the lanes.

So this afternoon Will trudged off to Shottery. There was a consciousness of leafiness and blossoms, of vines and riotous flowering, about Ann's home. Will opened the wicket and trudged up the path, and peered in at the open door. Ann, within the doorway, saw him. She looked him in the eye, then up at the sun high yet in the sky, and laughed. And he knew she understood it—truncy.

Perhaps she understood more than the fact, perhaps she understood the feeling. She threw her work aside, needle stuck therein, and clapped a wide straw hat upon her head, and, taking his hand, dragged him down the path, and out the gate and away—along the Evesham road.

But she lectured him, nevertheless, this red-cheeked boy with the full, as yet undisciplined young mouth, and the clear, warm hazel eyes.

"You tell me that I, too, throw my work down and run away? Ay, Will, there's that hot blood within me that sweeps me out, every now and then, from within tame walls and from stupid people, and makes me know it is true, the old tale of some wild, gypsy blood brought home by a soldier Hathaway for wife. But there is this difference, if you please, sir: I throw my work down because I have fought my fight and conquered it, am mistress of what I will in my household craft. Think you that I love the molding of butter and the care of poultry, or to spin, to cut, to sew, because I do them, and do them well? It is not the thing I love, Will—it is in the victory I find the joy. I would conquer them to feel my power. Conquer your book, Will, stride ahead of your class, then play your fill till they arrive abreast of you again. But a laggard, a stupid, or a midget! And, in faith, the last is worst."

They walked along, boy and young woman, she musing, he looking up with young ardor into her face. "You—you are so beautiful, Ann," the boy blurted forth, "and—and—no one understands like you."

She laid a hand on his shoulder and turned her dark eyes upon him. Teasing eyes they could be and mocking, yet sweet, too, ah, sweet and tender through their laughter.

"Shall I tell you why I understand, Will Shakespeare, child?" Was she talking altogether to the boy, or above his head—aloud—to herself? "I am a woman, Will, and at nineteen most such are already wife and mother, and I am still unwed. Shall I tell you why? We are like souls wandering and groping in the dark, Will, other souls everywhere around, but scarce a groping hand that ever meets or touches our outstretched own. In all life, Will, we feel one touch, perchance, or two. The rest we know no more than if they were not there. My Father, great, simple, countryman's soul, I knew, Will, and Mary Shakespeare I know. Would the could learn she could do more with John through laughter, dear heart; but the right is ever stronger with Mary than the humor of the thing. My Father and Mary I have known, and you, you I knew when in your rage you fell, baby that you were at five, upon the maid, and beat her with your fists because she wantonly swept your treasures—a rose-petal, a beetle-wing, a pebble, a feather—into her kitchen fire. I knew you then, for so I had been beating against fate my life long. I knew you, Will, and, dear child, always since I have watched and understood—"

"Rebel if you will, be free, but to be free, forget not, is to be conqueror over that within self, first."

Will caught her hand; he whispered; his voice burned hot with a child's jealousy. "Tis said you are to wed Abraham Strippling, Ann, an' that the foreign doctor who wants to wed you, too, broke Abra'm's head with his pestle."

Ann Hathaway laughed; her eyes were mocking now; and she backed against the lichened trunk of a giant elm by the roadside, a young, beauteous thing at bay, and looked at the boy. "I to marry Abraham Strippling! Child though you are, you know me better than that. Did I not just tell you I am free now—free? That I had held fast to my duty, and so come to where I might be free? I have held them at bay—family, cousins, elders, sweethearts—until now, the rest are married and are gone, and the tasks as they gave them up came to be mine, so that now my mother needs me, and my life may be my own—and free. For who has come to wed me? Did I not just say I was, I am, alone? A soul groping lonely in the dark? No man's hand has reached toward mine that I, a woman and a weakling, could not shake off. When the masterful hand, groping, seizes mine, I shall know it, and I—I will kiss it with my lips—and—and—follow after."

She came back to earth as one from a dream. "And now, child, go on home. It is late. And hurry or Mary will be fretting. You have had your cake and eaten it. Now go pay for it. 'Discipline must be maintained,' says your Welsh schoolmaster. And he sure will flog you."



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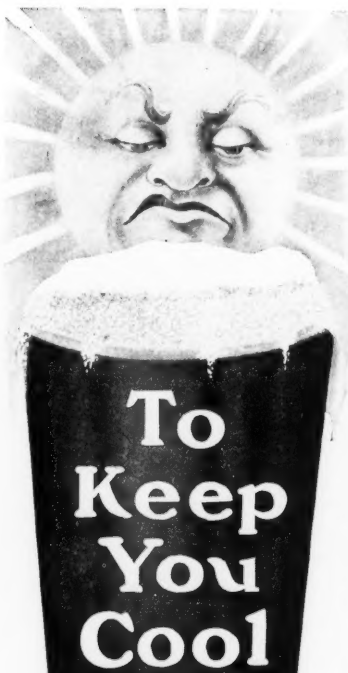
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But no one at home had missed him. The
Henley Street house was full of hurry and
confusion when he arrived. No one noticed
him. The neighbors came in and out, Mis-
tress Sadler and Mistress Snelling, and the
foreign doctor who would like to wed Ann,
and passed on up to a room above, where lit-
tle sister Annie, named for Ann Hathaway,
lay dying of a sudden croup. And all since
morning, since Will stole away.

He knows this thing called Life, this deep
inbreathing, this joy of shout, of run, of leap,
of vault. He knows—strong healthy young
animal—he knows this thing. But the other
—this strange thing called Death: the dark-
ened room, Father with his head fallen on his
breast standing at the lattice gazing out at
nothing; Mother there, one arm outstretched
across the bed, her head fallen thereon, and
Mistress Sadler trying to raise and lead her
away; and this—this waxen whiteness framed
in flaxen baby rings, on the pillow—this little
stiffening hand outside the linen cover?

Will Shakespeare cries out. He has touched
little sister Annie's baby hand and it is cold.

And after that, things went worse in the
Shakespeare household. All of John Shake-
speare's ventures were proving failures.
Debt pressed on every side. There began
talk again of a mortgage on the Asbies es-
tate, and this time none could say nay.

Dad went about with his head sunk on his
breast, and at home sat staring in moody
silence.

"Don't, Mary, don't," he would say to
Mother, putting her hand on his shoulder.
"Take the children away. Instead of the
name their father would have left them,
'John Shakespeare, Gentleman,' they are to
read it—what?"

"John, John," said Mother, "is there no
more then in it all—our love, our lives—than
pride?"

Pride! Will Shakespeare knew then what
it meant, and his heart went out to his fa-
ther. He had felt the sting of this thing
himself. It had been the year before. Dad
had taken him behind him on his horse to
Kenilworth, to see the masks and fireworks
given by the Earl of Leicester in the Queen's
honor. The gay London people come down
with the court, had sat in stands and galler-
ies to witness the spectacle of the water pa-
geant, breathing their perfumed breath down
upon the country people crowding the ground
below. And Will Shakespeare among these,
at sight of the great Queen, had cheered with
a lusty young throat and thrown his cap up
with the rest. Will Shakespeare was the once
chief bailiff's son. He was the son of Mary
Arden of the Asbies. Though he never had
thought about it one way or another, he had
always known himself as good as the best.

And so at Kenilworth, standing with the
crowd and looking up at the jeweled folk in
fine array, casting their jokes and gibes down
at the trammel, he had laughed, too, as hon-
est as any. But when the time came for the
water pageant, Dad had given him a lift up
and a boost to the branch of a tree. And he
had heard what she said, the lady he had
from the first fixed his young gaze upon, the
dark lady, with the jewels in her dusky hair,
breathing youth and beauty and glamour.
As he straddled the limb of his high perch
that brought him so near to her, he heard
her cry out, her head thrown backward on
her proud young throat: "Ah, see the little
beast, bringing the breath of the rabble up
to our very nostrils."

And it was something like to what had
burned in young Will Shakespeare's soul
that Dad was feeling now. Will, big boy that
he was, laid a hand on Dad's knee. Father
looked up: their eyes met.

Dad threw an arm about his shoulder and
drew him close—Father and Son.

Something passed from the older to the
younger. The boy squared his shoulders.

The man in Will Shakespeare was born.
How best could he help Dad? So the lad
pondered, meanwhile digging the sense pie-
meal out of his Ovid for the morrow's lesson.
"It is the mind that makes the man, and our
strength—measure—vigor"—any one of the
three words would do—"our measure is in our
immortal souls."

Why—why—is there truth in books? Had
Ovid lived and been a man, a man who knew
and fought it out himself?

Will Shakespeare suddenly caught sight of
a great and glorious kingdom he had not
seen before. The schoolmaster hitherto had
talked in riddles.

Yet, a year after this, Will Shakespeare,
just awakened to a love of letters, threw his
books down. Mother's brown hair, as she
leaned over her new child, Edmund, showed
lines of gray. Dad, the day's trade over, sat
brooding at home, and scarce would he him-
self, the fear of process for debt hanging
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Tall, sturdy Will Shakespeare could buy
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BULGARIA

THE VOLCANO OF THE BALKANS

By Frederick Palmer

(Continued from page 8)

frontier. So they go, and will continue to go as long as there are methods of destruction to be had and the almost fanatical belief in insurgent prowess against an organized force lasts. They can not hope to have an intact army. The best they can do is to strike a blow and escape without being caught. The departure of each forlorn hope is known in the cafés, and knots gather there and in the streets to hear the story of the survivors when they return, measuring their pride and their success alone by personal fleetness of foot or cunning in escaping, and the amount of damage they did to the enemy.

A Useless Mosque

Overlooking the narrator is the minaret of the one mosque that stands in Sofia, which is another example of Oriental official courtesy. Bulgaria allowed it to remain for the Ottoman Commissioner, who never attends it. Not only in the cafés do you see the fezes of Islam hobnobbing with the derby hats of Christendom, but in humbler circles the Bulgarian peasant is agreeable to the remnants of Ottoman peasantry which have not migrated to Turkey, while over the border, knifing and bomb-throwing and bitterness rage.

But that, too, is characteristic. They have lived long together—and why not be polite? Your Balkan brigand, if he knew the outside world well enough, would boast that he was more polite than his confrère of the Apennines. The Turk is equally subject with the Bulgarian to army conscription, and the yearly quota from the Mohammedan population, which constitute one-tenth, are carefully mixed among the Christians, and in the event of war would have to bear arms against their own people—for politeness is never carried beyond words.

A revolutionist who does not count his chances of success, seems as unreasonable to the northern mind as any other being who accepts a wish as the only capital for an enterprise. Common-sense, reared in the school which conserves human life, finds this reckless self-killing, when there is no hope of organized military headway, at once amazing and tragic. Its origin lies in the belief of that man who leans on his staff as the train goes by. Every generation of him must have his try at the Turk. In his dreamy moments, his imagination makes his prowess grow till the fever of action seizes him and he has his tilt against the windmills.

Turkophobia, Not Brigandage

For always he is the man. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the periodical uprisings are due to the spring awakening of the brigand element. It is true that the brigands are as fond of rebellions as some Continentals are of making love to other men's wives. But they are allies, not the main force. Moreover, he knows, if not as well as the townsman, that there is only one way to excite the attention of the Powers. He is in something of the same position as the boy who stubs his toe to get sympathy. Man, woman and child, the whole Bulgarian people are with him. Orders can not stop their sympathy or make guards see where they would be blind. If everybody in the United States approved of smuggling, tariff laws would be of little service.

Did they believe that they stood any chance of driving the Turk before them or even holding him back, the Bulgarian army, with the consent of the leaders, would make war to-morrow. Had Sofia been as mercurial as Athens, they would have been engaged before now. The same Russian training which made them take to bomb-throwing, when they wanted to assault autocracy, gives them balance. The Greek disaster of 1897 is an example that cools the eloquence of the cafés. The Powers let Turkey lay an indemnity on Greece. They might treat Bulgaria in the same way: who knows? is the inquiry of the cafés.

War-Making Requires Money

Of course, Bulgaria can not afford a war. But in these days only the small nations, which have little to risk, take the field against powerful adversaries. Bulgaria is not prosperous, yet her people are so much more so than they were under Turkish rule that they can think of themselves as having something to lose. They are between the call of selfish wisdom and that of their brothers in distress on the other side of the border. Though refugee families no longer come to illustrate what they have suffered by their actual presence, the Turks having stopped egress as well as ingress, there are talebearers enough to keep one story from waiting on another. Any one who would present the Macedonian Committee with two or three hundred thousand dollars could be personally responsible for plunging the two countries into war. All that is necessary is the money to keep up the sporadic attacks on the Turks till Ottoman redresses on the Macedonian Christians inflame the Bulgarian populace beyond control. Given the word, and against five times its number, the Bulgarian army will go joyfully out to the fight. The soldiers' cry would not be alone the rescue of their kinsmen. They have the ambition, which ever seems the keener the smaller the nation, for more territory under their flag. There is strength in these big slouching fellows. If they seem sluggish on the march, they will also prove sluggish in retreat.

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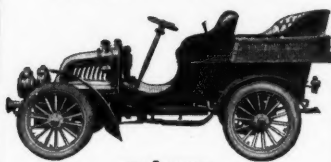
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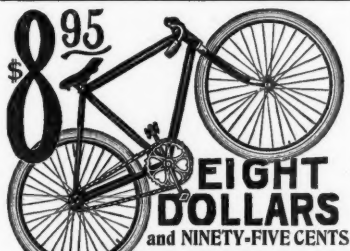
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The College Crews

By Walter Camp



ROWING has not been at all behind other sports in its development either as to skill or interest. It is true that there was a time when some thirteen college crews met on the lake at Saratoga and contended for the mastery, but that event did not attract the attention and spread as much rowing interest as do nowadays the two big college regattas, one on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, where as many as half a dozen crews usually enter, and the other on the Thames at New London, where Harvard and Yale fight out their annual battle for aquatic supremacy.

This year there promises to be still another interesting feature to the rowing season, and that is the so-called American Henley on the Schuylkill at Philadelphia. This is intended to be a few days' carnival of boating, with races of all kinds, and has been quite a time in process of accomplishment. Nothing would be pleasanter than a continuance of such an American Henley, if our people could find the leisure time to appreciate and support the venture. This year, crews from the Newell and Weld Clubs of Harvard, as well as from Pennsylvania and the local rowing clubs, will arrange to enter. It is possible also that Yale may send a crew of some sort after the New London races.

The Poughkeepsie Regatta

The race on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, while it has not as many past years of prestige behind it as the Yale-Harvard race on the Thames, has been steadily attracting more and more attention, and the facilities for watching it have been greatly improved, so that it is more than ever popular with New York sightseers. The river is broad and there is plenty of room for the crews, provided, of course, that the much-discussed question of advantage or disadvantage of currents be ignored. The observation train furnishes an excellent position from which to follow the race and get all the excitement out of a close contest, and there have been some close contests up there in past years. Last season Cornell proved pre-eminent in an entry of six crews composed of representative eights from Columbia, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Georgetown, Syracuse and Cornell. This year the report has gone forth that Wisconsin will not be financially able to send an eight-oared crew, but will probably send a four-oared. This is most disappointing news to lovers of rowing, because Wisconsin has invariably sent on first-class crews, both university and freshman, which, while they have not won the regatta, have made such a consistently good showing, and have in one or two instances been so near the front, that it seems a shame that they should not be able to continue in the contest. O'Dea is an excellent coach, and has never sent on an eight that was not a credit to the institution.

Columbia's Notable Improvement

Columbia, under Hanlan, has come to be a much more feared factor in this race than a few years ago. It seems like a return to the good old times when Columbia crews were at their best. The men wearing the blue-and-white now have a form and conservation of power which make them dangerous, and which are liable at any time, with a particularly good set of material, to bring them to the front.

Pennsylvania, under Ellis Ward, has demonstrated the fact that it is not necessary for all crews to row alike in order to be fast, and the excellent showing of his men abroad, taken with their victory not long ago at Poughkeepsie, will bring a good many of the red-and-blue sympathizers up the Hudson on the day of the event.

Cornell, under Courtney, looks to have almost as good a crew as last season; in fact, some of his last year's men have been unable to hold their places against the new candidates. It was then generally acknowledged that the eight men sent to the starting-line were as powerful and finished a set of oarsmen as had ever come down the river. For this reason, Cornell will probably be the favorite at the Nelson House and on the banks.

Georgetown and Syracuse have not yet been able to get near enough to the front to divide the honors with the leaders.

The Excellence of the Coaches

There is another point of interest to be considered outside of the personnel of the crews, but peculiar to the Poughkeepsie race, and that is the prominence of the coaching talent behind these crews. At the top stands Courtney of Cornell, the former single-sculler, but who also, as a coach of eight-oar shell-rowing, has had the greatest success of any of the professionals. His work at Ithaca has been of the highest order, and he is one of the most expert men of the country in the matter of rigging—that is, the art of so placing a man in a shell as to enable him to get the very most out of his expenditure of power.

Hanlan, also formerly a champion single-sculler, and the best America, or rather Canada, has ever produced, has been with the Columbia crew now for a few years and has done exceptionally good work in bringing up their standard of skill. He and Courtney

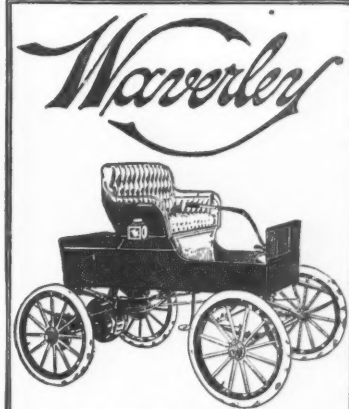
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were old rivals when both were rowing in singles. He understands boats and oarsmen down to the bottom, and is a master of water-manship.

Ellis Ward, of the old family of Ward brothers, prominent professional scullers for many years, has had the fortunes of Pennsylvania in his hands, and besides sending an exceptionally strong crew over to Henley, has also been able to put the red-and-blue at the front more than once in their college regattas.

O'Dea, of Wisconsin, a former Australian oarsman, has been skilful enough to bring on crews from the far West a long and tedious journey to the East, which, in spite of these handicaps, have closely pressed the winner at Poughkeepsie more than once. If the rumor that no Wisconsin eight is to come on this year be proved true, it will be the occasion of great disappointment, not only among the spectators but among O'Dea's friends.

The Harvard-Yale Duel

The race at New London differs very materially from that at Poughkeepsie. Like the Oxford-Cambridge race, it is a duel—a contest between but two crews fighting out side by side, as they have for the last few years, almost every inch of the long four miles. The boats are so close together that the struggle is made very real, sometimes man to man, whereas at Poughkeepsie it is often difficult, with the six crews so separated, to tell which one is in advance, or to make the contest between the outside and inside courses, if those happen to be the two crews that are leading, seem as spirited as if they were side by side and not separated by four other boats and a good many yards of water.

This year the two captains, McGrew of Harvard and Waterman of Yale, will sit the one respectively in the stroke-oar position in the Harvard boat and the other in the bow-oar place in the Yale shell.

Both are known as very determined men, and, with Coach Higginson at Harvard and Coach Kunzig at New Haven, they have been working ever since last January to turn out fast eight. With plenty of professional talent as advisers in the coaches of the clubs at Cambridge and with John Kennedy at New Haven, material in very considerable numbers has been tried and shifted at both places. Harvard seems, however, to have gone rather further on this than Yale, having struggled hard to get another stroke than McGrew in order to put him further back toward the waist of the boat. At the time of their going to New London, however, it looked as if McGrew would be back at stroke.

The Make-up of the Crews

Of the other men in the Harvard boat, Duffy is an old Georgetown man who has done some excellent work in club crews in the past and good enough this year to put him in the university in spite of the firmly fixed belief in the mind of rowing men that a man who has been taught one style of rowing generally finds it difficult to change.

As to the others, Wolcott is a long-bodied man, a little slow on the catch, but powerful. Lawson, who comes out of last year's freshman boat, is a big man, and one who can stand the pace, but lacking in experience. On the whole, the crew are an exceptionally powerful lot, Foster being one of the strongest men in college. They get a tremendous heave on, and if they can be finished off so as to get a somewhat steadier run to the boat, they will be dangerous, although they have not rowed together as long as the men in the Yale boat. George and Ayer are men who have experience and strength, but are not entirely under control.

In the Yale boat, Bogue at stroke has already proved his quality and can be counted on to set a pace and keep it there for the men behind him. It was generally considered with a good deal of satisfaction at New Haven, a few weeks ago, that the crew were a veteran one, and had been rowing in their positions so long as to have a very decided advantage; but later affairs developed so that certain changes and shifts had to be made which rather upset the supreme self-satisfaction of the collegians, who had looked forward to victory at New London as a foregone conclusion.

New London Practice

Just how much these temporary shiftings have affected the pace of the crew it is as yet difficult to tell. But it should also be borne in mind that a veteran crew is not always a winning one, and perhaps what a veteran crew needs is a little stimulation in the way of contest for places. The hot spell in May pulled down some of the Yale weights rather suddenly, and that also had its effect. However, even the lugubrious ones have seen that the work of the crew at New London has improved distinctly, and there is speed there. In fact, in the matter of a spurt, the Yale crew seems better able to carry the stroke up and keep things steady than Harvard, but the men from Cambridge have rather more power and endurance to bank on. For this reason, the race will be particularly interesting.

Since reaching New London, the Yale varsity crew has been defeated both at two and four miles by its freshmen, but how much that really means only those on the inside can tell. It is a fact, however, that the freshman crew is a good one. As Harvard is also rather proud of her first year's men, the freshman race should be a good one. In time rows, Yale has with her varsity made the better figures and will be the favorite.

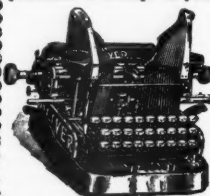
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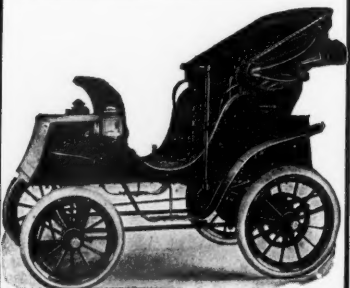


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THE LONG NIGHT

BY STANLEY WEYMAN

Author of "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE," ETC.

Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the year 1602, Claude Mercier, a young Calvinist, comes to Geneva to study. He takes lodgings with Madame Royanne, a bedridden invalid, and eventually becomes her daughter Anne's accepted lover and protector. One of his fellow tenants is the scientist Basterga, the Duke of Savoy's secret agent for the violent acquisition of Geneva. Basterga offers the Syndic Blondel, who believes he has an incurable complaint, a precious potion good for all mortal ills, as a bribe for the betrayal of the city. But the Syndic, having been charged by the Council with watching the scientist, attempts to obtain the medicine by stealth. Anne, through innocently becoming an abettor in the theft, learns the reputed qualities of the medicine and gives it to her mother. Basterga assures Blondel that the stolen philtre is not the great remedy, but scientist and Syndic, incensed against mother and daughter, spread a report decrying them as witches. Anne is consequently assailed by an angry mob; she is only rescued by Claude's valiant intervention. Meanwhile the suspected scientist leaves the town, and sends Blondel a vial said to contain the precious medicine. The next night Basterga accidentally discovers a signal suspended from the city wall. With great effort he lowers the portcullis, thus excluding the main body of the Savoyards, of whom three hundred have entered the city. The student sounds the alarm, and fighting ensues between the citizens and the invaders.

CHAPTER XXV

Basterga at Argos



HAUNTED by the fear that Blandano might postpone the night-round to a time that would involve discovery, Blondel had late in the evening taken the precaution of despatching Louis to the Porte Neuve to remind the Captain of his orders. Then he had sat down trembling in his great-chair, and prepared himself to wait. He knew that he had before him some hours of uncertainty almost intolerable, and a peril a hundred times more hard to face because in the pinch of it he must play two parts—he must run with the hare and hunt with the hounds—and, a traitor standing forward for the city he had betrayed, must have an eye to his reputation as well as his life.

He had no doubt of the success of Savoy, the walls once passed; moreover, the genius of Basterga had imposed itself upon him as that of a man not likely to fail. But resistance there must be, bloodshed—for the town held many devoted men—an hour of butchery, followed (he shuddered to think of it) by more than one hour of excess, of cruelty, of rapine. For such things the captured cities of that day rarely escaped. In all, the resistance and the peril, he must show himself; he must take his part and run his risk if he would not be known for what he was, if he would not leave a name that men would spit on!

Strangely, it was the moment of discovery and his conduct in it that weighed most heavily on his guilty mind as he sat pale and trembling in his parlor, his hour of retiring long past, his household in bed. The city slept round him: how long would it sleep? And when it awoke, how long dared he, how long would it be natural for him, to ignore the distant murmur, the outcry, the rising alarm? It was not his cue to do over-much, to precipitate discovery, to assume at once the truth to be the truth. But, on the other hand, he must not be too backward.

And this it was especially troubled him. He saw himself skulking in his house, listening with a white face to the rush of armed men along the street he heard rise about him, and saw himself stand, guilty and irresolute, between hearth and door, uncertain if the time had come to go forth. Finally, and before he made up his mind to go forth, he saw himself confronted by an entering face—and in an instant detected. And this it was—this initial difficulty, oddly enough, and not the subsequent hours of horror, confusion and danger, of dying men and wailing women—that oppressed his mind, dwelt on him, and shook his nerves as the crisis approached.

One consolation he had and one only; but a measureless one: Basterga had kept his word. He was cured. Six hours earlier, he had taken the Golden Water according to the directions; and every hour since, he had felt new life course through his veins. He had no return of pain, no paroxysm; but a singular lightness of body, eloquent of the change wrought in him and the youth and strength that were to come, had done what could be done to combat the terrors of the soul, natural in his situation. Pale he was, despite the potion; in spite of it he trembled. But he knew himself changed, and, sick at heart as he was, he could only guess at the depths of horror and despair to which he must have fallen had he not taken the wondrous draught. There was that to the good. That to the good. He would live. And life was the great thing after all: life and health and strength. If he had sold his soul, his country, his friends, at least he would live—if naught happened to him to-night. If naught—but that thought pierced him to the heart. He who had proved himself in old days no mean soldier in the field, who had won honor in more than one fight, felt his brow grow damp, his knees grow flaccid, knew himself a coward. For the life he must risk was not the old life, but the new one he had bought so

dearly—the one for which he had given his soul, his country and his friends. And he dared not risk that! He dared not let the winds of heaven blow too roughly on that! If aught befell him this night, the irony of it! The sarcasm of it!

He sweated at the thought. He felt that every ball discharged at a venture must strike him; that if he looked through a window, Death would find his opportunity. He would not have dared now to pass through a street on a windy day; for if a tile fell it must fall on him—and, God! he must fight! He must fight!

His manhood shrivelled within him at the thought. He shuddered; and at that moment, on the shutter which masked the casement, came a knock, thrice repeated.

The Syndic stood fixed to the ground glaring at the window in something like terror. Everything on a night like this—and to an uneasy conscience—menaced danger. Then, not in a moment, it occurred to him that this must be Louis, whom he had sent with the message to the Porte Neuve; and he took the lamp and went—with anger and reluctance, for what did the booby mean by returning?—to admit him. It was late, and only to open at this hour might, by the light of after-events, raise suspicions.

But it was not Louis. The lamp flickering in the draught of the doorway disclosed a huge, dusky form that seemed like a great shadow to envelop him, passed by him, entered. It was Basterga. The Syndic shut the door, and staggered rather than walked back to the parlor. As he set down the lamp and returned to the scholar, his face was a picture of guilty terror. "What is it?" he muttered. "What has happened? It—is it put off?"

An immense black corselet with shoulder-pieces, and a feathered steel cap, raised Basterga's huge stature almost to the gigantic. But it needed not this to mark him out. The man himself, in this hour of his success, this moment of conscious daring, of reliance on his star and his strength, towered above the other like a demigod. "No," he answered, with a ponderous, slow, exultant smile, slow to come. "No, Messer Blondel. Far from it. It has not been put off."

"Something has been discovered?"

"No. We are here. That is all."

The Syndic supported himself by a hand pressed hard against the table behind him. "Here?" he gasped. "You are—you have the town already? It is impossible."

"We have three hundred men in the Corratierie," Basterga answered coolly. "We hold the Tartasse gate, and the Monnaie. The Porte Neuve is cut off, and at our mercy; it will be taken when we give the signal. Beyond it, four thousand

his strength. "Exercise your warrant now—if you can, Messer Syndic. Syndic?" He laughed in mocking contempt. "Where is your warrant now? I have but this moment"—he pointed to wet stains on his corselet—"slain one of your guards. Do justice, Syndic! I have seized one of your gates by force. Avenge it, Syndic! Syndic? Ha! ha! Here is an end of Syndics."

The Syndic panted. He was a proud man, not to say an arrogant one, little used to opposition; one who, time and again, had ridden roughshod over the views of his fellows. To be jeered at after this fashion, to be scorned and gibed at, and by this man who in the beginning had talked so silkily, moved so humbly, evinced so much respect, played the poor scholar so—was a bitter pill. He asked himself if the other spoke truly—if it was for this he had betrayed the city—if it was for this he had sold his friends. His eyes grew dizzy with rage; he saw the smiling, gloating face through a mist of blood. And then—he remembered that it was not for this—not for this, but for life, dear life, warm life—that he had done this thing. And, swallowing the rage that bade fair to choke him, he calmed himself.

"It is better to cease to be Syndic than to cease to live," he said with cold displeasure.

But the other had no mind to return to their former relations. "True, oh sage!" he said contemptuously. "But why not both? Because—shall I tell you?" with a mocking smile.

"I hear—"

"Yes, and I hear too! The city is rising." Basterga listened a moment, after cutting the other short with a scornful, masterful gesture. "Presently they will ring the alarm-bell, and—"

"If you stay here some one will come, and—"

"Find me with you?" Basterga rejoined gleefully. He knew that he ought to go, for his own sake as well as the Syndic's. He knew that nothing was to be gained and much might be lost by the disclosure that was on his tongue. But he was intoxicated with the success which he did not doubt he had gained—with the things to which that success was to lead. He was drunk with the clang of arms, and the glitter of his own armed presence. The true spirit of the man—as happens in intoxication of another kind—rose to the surface, cruel, waggish, insolent, of an insolence long restrained, an insolence of the scholar, that always in secret, now in the light, panted to repay the slights he had suffered, the patronage of leaders, the scoffs of power. "Ay," he continued, "will find me with you! But if you do not mind, I need not

And I was just asking you—why not both? Life and power?"

"You know," Blondel answered, breathing quickly. He hated the man now, with a hatred respondent to his insolence; gladly would he have laid him dead at his feet. If the fool stayed here prating, if he were found here by those who within a few moments would come with the alarm, he was himself a lost man! All would be known!

That was the fear in Blondel's mind, the pressing fear, for the scattered cries of alarm were growing louder and drawing nearer. And then in a twinkling, in two or three sentences, Basterga put that fear, pressing as it was, into the second place; and set in its seat emotions that brooked no rival.

"Why not both?" he said, jeering. "Live and be Syndic, both? Because you had the Scholar's Ill, eh? Or because your physician said you had it—to whom I paid—a good price—for the advice?" The devil seemed to look out of the man's eyes, as he spoke in short sentences, each pointed, each a heart-stab to his hearer.

"To whom—you gave?" Blondel muttered.

"A good price—for the advice!"

The magistrate's face swelled till it was almost purple; his hands, gripping the front of his coat, pressed hard against his breast. "But—the pains?" he muttered. "Did you—but no," with a frightful grimace, "you lie! you lie!"

"Did I bribe him—to give you those, too?"

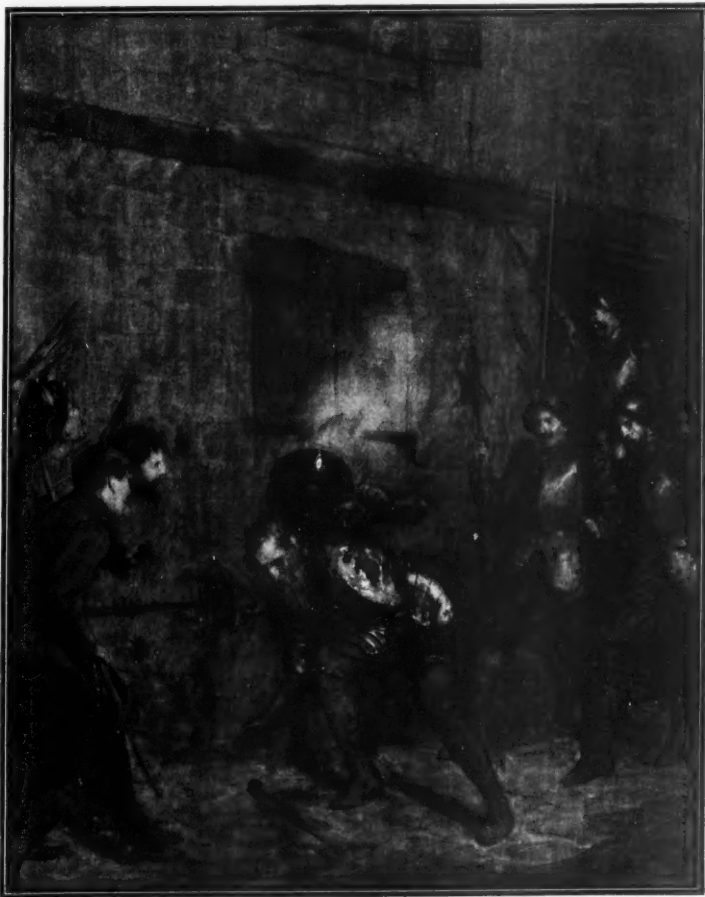
The other answered, with a ruthless laugh. "You have alighted on it, most grave and reverend sage. You have alighted on the exact fact—so clever are you! It was what I did—after I heard that you had been to him for some fancied ill, being fearful as rich men are; as I shall be, mayhap, now. That was precisely what I did. It will do no harm to mention it now. You had two medicines? You remember? The one gave, the other soothed, your trouble. And now that you understand, now that your mind is free from care and you can sleep without fear of the Scholar's Ill—will you not thank me?"

"Thank you?" the magistrate panted. He stepped back two paces, groping with his hands, as if he sought behind him the table from which he had advanced.

"Ay, thank me!"

"No, but—but I will pay you!" Blondel shrieked. And on the word he snatched from the table a pistol that he had laid within reach an hour before, ready for emergencies. Before the giant, confident in his own size and the other's puniness, had desecrated what he would be at, he had levelled it at Basterga's head. It was too late to move then—three paces divided the men—or it would have been, but in his haste to raise the pistol Blondel had not shaken from it the handkerchief under which he had hidden it and the lock fell on a morsel of the stuff. The next moment Basterga's huge hand struck the weapon from his grasp; a second movement, and Blondel leaned gasping against the wall.

"Fool!" the scholar cried, towering superb above the baffled, shrinking man whose attempt had placed him at his mercy. "Do you think that Cæsar Basterga was born to



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Gloria Teucorum! Ferus omnia Jupiter Argos
Transtulit!"

And then more lightly, "If you doubt me, how am I here?" he asked. And he extended his huge arms in the pride of

late to move then—three paces divided the men—or it would have been, but in his haste to raise the pistol Blondel had not shaken from it the handkerchief under which he had hidden it and the lock fell on a morsel of the stuff. The next moment Basterga's huge hand struck the weapon from his grasp; a second movement, and Blondel leaned gasping against the wall.

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perish by such a hand as yours? That the gods made me what I am, that I might fall by the weak hand of so pitiful a creature as you! I who carry to-night the fortunes of a nation, the fate of a king! Ay, 'tis the alarm-bell! You hear it? You flinch? It is the alarm-bell, and by and by your friends will be here. It is a wonder—he paused and hearkened awhile—"that they are not here already; but perhaps they have enough to fill their hands! And, come or stay—if they be like you, poor fool, weak in body as in wit—I care not! I, Caesar Basterga, this night lord of Geneva, and in the time to come, thanks to you—"

"Curse you!"

"That which I dare be sworn you have dreamed of being!" with a subtle smile. "The Grand Duke's alter ego, mayor of the Palace, adviser to his Highness! I hit you there, too, do I? Oh, vanity of—" He broke off abruptly and listened. Sharp on one another, two gunshots had rung out at no great distance from the house. A third followed; on it a swelling, growing wave of sound that rose with each second louder and nearer. "Ay, 'tis known now!" Basterga said, in a tone more quiet but not less confident. "And I must go, my dear friend—who thought a minute ago to speed me forever. Know that 'tis not for hands mean as yours to harm Caesar Basterga! And that to-night, of all nights, I bear a charmed life! I carry, Syndic, a kingdom and its fortunes!"

And, seeming to swell with the thought—and in comparison of the sickly man scowling darkly on him from the wall, he did indeed look a king—he turned to the door, flung it wide and passed into the passage. With only the street-door between him and the hubbub that was beginning to fill the night, he could better measure the situation, and discern that though the grip which his party had upon the Porte Neuve might choke the city in the end, the burghers were very far from relinquishing hope. The beat of many feet hastening all one way—toward the Porte Tartasse—the clatter of weapons as here and there a man trailed his pike on the stones, the roar of angry voices, the harsh rattle of metal as some one hauled a chain across the end of the Bourg du Four and hooked it—in all these, and in a hundred kindred sounds that went to make up the mighty din that grew each instant more appalling, was no hint of surrender, no note of weakness.

Yet he did not quail. His belief in his star was genuine: the man was intoxicated for the time with the success which he fancied in his grasp. He carried Caesar and his fortunes—was it in mean men to harm him? Nay, so confident was he, that when he had opened the door he stood an instant on the threshold, viewing the strange scene. Then he turned right-handed and hurried with the stream toward the Porte Tartasse.

He had been right not to quail. In the perplexing medley of light and shadow which filled the Bourg du Four and the streets about the town-hall, in the confusion, in the hasty rush of all in one direction and with one intent—to gain the point attacked—no one paid any heed to him, or supposed him to belong to the enemy. Some cried, "To the Treille! They are there! To the Treille!" But more, guided by the sounds of conflict, held on to the point where the short narrow street of the Tartasse turned left-handed out of the equally narrow Rue de la Cité—the latter leading onward to the Porte de la Monnaie and the bridges. Here, at the meeting of the two confined lanes, overhung by timbered houses and old gables of strange shapes, a desperate conflict was on foot. The Savoyards, masters of the gate, had thought to push their way into the town by the Rue Tartasse; not doubting that they would be supported by and by, upon the entrance of their main body through the Porte Neuve. They had proceeded no further, however, than the junction with the Rue de la Cité—a point where darkness was made visible by two dim oil lamps—before, the alarm given, they found themselves confronted by a dozen half-clad townsfolk, fresh from their beds; of whom five or six were at once laid low. The survivors, however, fought stubbornly, giving back, foot by foot; and as the alarm was now fairly abroad and the city awakened, every moment brought the defenders a reinforcement—some father just roused from sleep, armed with the chance weapon that came to hand, or some youth panting for his first fight. The assailants, therefore, presently found themselves stayed, and driven back into the narrow gullet of the Tartasse; and even there put to it to hold their ground against an ever-increasing swarm, whom despair, and the knowledge that they were fighting on their hearths—for their wives, for their children—brought up in renewed strength.

In the Tartasse, however, where it was not possible to flank them, and no treacherous side-alley, vomiting now and again a desperate man, gave one to death, a score could hold out against a hundred. Here, then, with the gateway at their backs—whence three or four could fire over their heads—the Savoyards stood stubbornly at bay, awaiting the reinforcements that they were sure would come from the Porte Neuve.

It was at this moment, and when the burghers had drawn back a little that they might deliver a final and decisive attack, that Basterga came up. Fabri the Syndic had taken the command, and had shouted to all who had windows looking on the lane to light them. He was on the point of advancing, when he heard the steps of Basterga and some others coming up; and he waited prudently to allow them to join him. The instant they arrived, he gave the word, and with some thirty or more armed with half-pikes, halberds, anything his men had been able to snatch up, he charged the Savoyards bravely.

In the narrow lane but four or five could fight abreast; and the Grand Duke's men were clad in steel and well armed. Nevertheless, Fabri bore back the first line, pressed

on them stoutly, and, amid a wild mêlée of struggling men and waving weapons, bade fair to drive the troop, in spite of a fierce resistance, into the gate. If he could do this and enter with them, even though he lost half his men, he might save the city.

But the Savoyards gave back but slowly. Within twenty paces of the gate, the advance wavered, stopped, hung an instant. In that instant, Basterga, who had quietly moved on with the rearmost, saw his opportunity and seized it. He flung to either side the man to right and left of him. He struck down, almost with the same movement, the man in front. He rushed on Fabri, who in the middle of the first line was supporting, though far from young, a single combat with one of the Savoyard leaders. On the fortunes of this duel the attack seemed to hang, when Basterga's coward weapon alighted without warning on the unlucky Syndic's head, and laid him low. To strike down another, and, turning, range himself in the van of the foreigners, with a mighty, "Savoy! Savoy!" was Basterga's next move; and it sufficed. The panic-stricken burghers, discovering, as they supposed, treason in their own ranks, gave back every way. The Savoyards saw their advantage, rallied, and pressed on. Speedily the foreigners regained the ground they had lost, and, with the tall form of their champion fighting in the van, began to sweep the townsfolk back into the Rue de la Cité.

Nevertheless, at the meeting of the ways, Basterga's followers paused, hesitating to expose their flank by entering this second street. The Genevese saw this, rallied in their turn, and for a moment seemed to be holding their own. But three or four of their toughest fighters lay stark athwart the kernel; they had no longer a leader, they were poorly armed and hastily collected; and, devoted as they were, it needed but little to renew the panic and start them in utter rout. One man—Basterga—saw this; and when his men still hung back, neglecting the golden opportunity, he rushed forward almost alone until he stood conspicuous between the two bands—the one hesitating to come on, the other hesitating to fly.

"Savoy! Savoy!" he thundered. "Ville gagnée! The city is ours! Come on!" And he waved his halberd above his head, and beckoned to his followers to come on.

Had they done so at once, had they charged on the instant, they had at least changed all for him. But they hung a moment undecided, and the next, even as in very shame they drew themselves together for the charge, their champion uttered a shriek of pain, and sprang aside, stooping low—only to receive the next moment, full on his neck, a heavy iron pot, that descended with tremendous force from a window above him, and, rolling from him, broke into three pieces.

He went down under the blow as if a sledge-hammer had struck him; and so sudden, so dramatic, was the fall that for an instant the two bands held their hands and stood staring, as indifferent crowds stand at gaze in the street. A dozen on the patriots' side knew the house from which the *marmite* had fallen, and marked it; and half as many saw, at the small window high up whence it had come, the gray locks and stern, wrinkled face of an aged woman. The effect on them was magical. As if the act symbolized for them not only the loved ones for whom they fought but the dire distress to which they were come, they rushed on the foreign men-at-arms with a fury hitherto unknown. With a ringing shout of "Mère Royaume! Mère Royaume!"—taken up by many who did not know her—they swept the foe, shaken already by the fall of their leader, along the narrow Tartasse, pressed on them, and, still shouting their new war-cry, entered the gateway along with them.

"Mère Royaume! Mère Royaume!" The name rang savagely in the groining of the arch, in the obscurity of which the fierce struggle went on. "Mère Royaume!" To one man, flurried already and a coward at heart, it carried a paralyzing assurance of doom. He had seen Basterga fall—by this woman's hand of all hands in the world—and thereon he had been the first to flee. But in the lane he had tripped over Fabri, he had fallen headlong, he had raised himself only in time to gain the gateway a few feet in front of the avenging pikes. Still he might have escaped, he hoped to escape, through the gate and into the open Corratte. But the first to flee had made an attempt to shut the outer gates, and so to prevent the townsfolk reaching the Corratte. One of the great doors blocked his way, and instinctively—ignorant how far behind him the pike-points were—he sprang aside into the guard-room.

His one chance now—for he was cut off, and he knew it—lay in reaching the staircase and mounting to the roof. A bound carried him to the door; he grasped the handle. But a man who had only a second before saved himself that way took him for a pursuer, dragged the door close and held it in spite of his efforts and his imprecations.

Five seconds, ten perhaps, Grio—he it was—wasted in struggling vainly with the door. The man on the other side held it with a despair equal to his own. Five seconds, ten perhaps; but in that space of time, short as it was, the man—for he was a coward—paid smartly for the sins of his life. When the time of grace had elapsed, with a pike-point a few inches from his back and the gleaming eyes of an avenging burgher behind it, he fled shrieking round the table. He might even yet have escaped by a chance; but he stumbled over the body of the man whom he had slain without pity a few hours before, and fell writhing, and died on the floor as beasts die in the shambles.

"Mère Royaume! Mère Royaume!" The cry swelled loud and louder, swept through the gate, passed through to the open, carried far along the Corratte, far along the ramparts, the earnest of victory, the earnest of vengeance.

(To be concluded)

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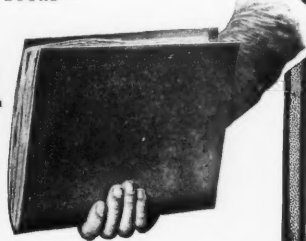
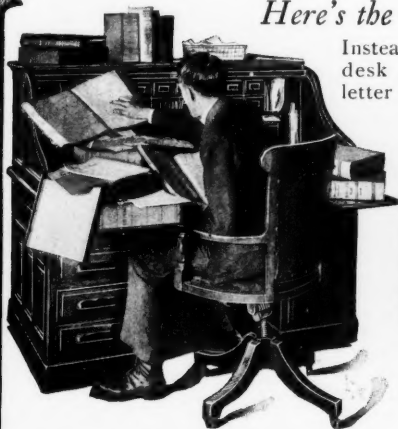
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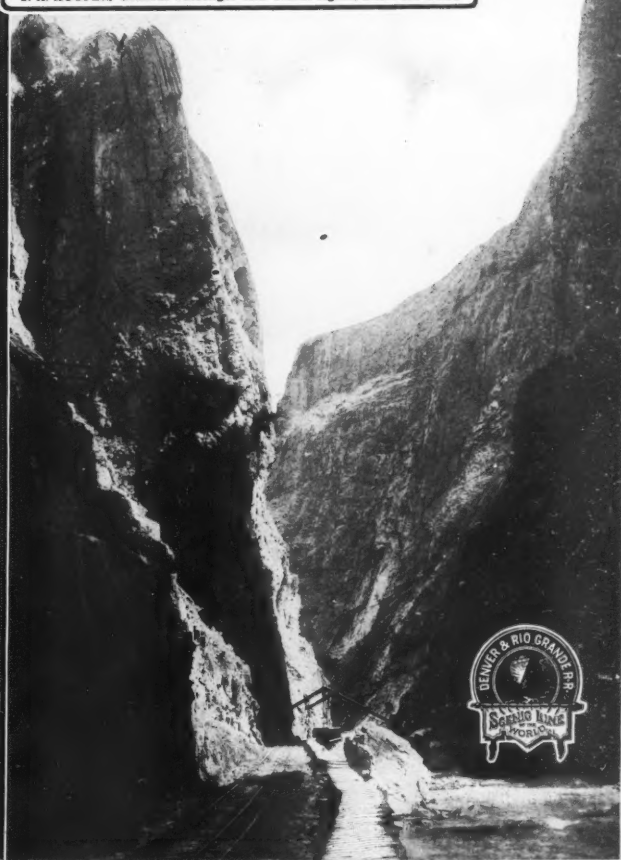
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